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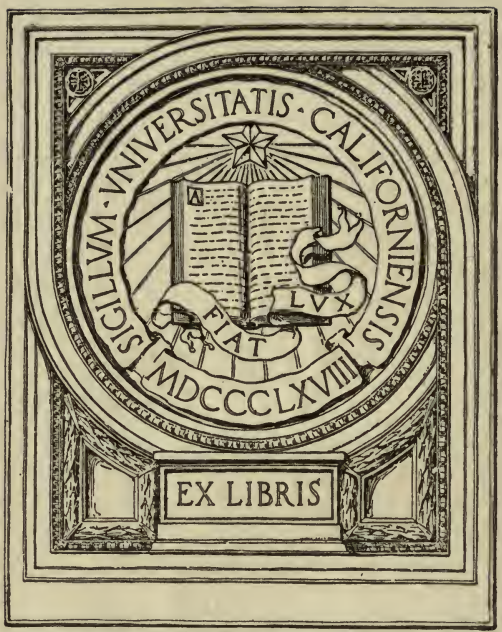
A WOMAN ALONE IN THE HEART OF JAPAN

GERTRUDE ADAMS FISHER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A WOMAN ALONE IN THE HEART OF JAPAN

UNIV. OF
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A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan

BY

[illegible] Adams Fisher

ILLUSTRATED

The Little Mothers of Japan

BOSTON · · · · ·
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A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan

BY

Gertrude Adams Fisher

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON
L. C. Page & Company
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TO

My Parents

WHO GAVE ME

THE LOVE OF TRAVEL

THIS VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED

BY THEIR NOMADIC

DAUGHTER

255109

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A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan

CHAPTER I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

A Fascinating Port of Entry

IT pays to visit the Flowery Kingdom, even though one becomes acquainted with the seaport towns only. Yokohama, for example, is most interesting, and is full of piquant fascination. Though it is tinctured with foreign life, there is still much that is native. The embroidery shops of Honchodori; the curio stores of Bentendori; the clean, though crowded, homes of Motomachi; the majestic glimpse of sacred Fuji, from the top of the hundred steps; the blind shampooer sounding his note on the windy Bluff; the wee woman toddling along with her baby on her back; the gay-gowned children rollicking by

the door; the multitudinous scenes of Theatre Street by night; yea, even our fated sisters of the Nectarine, are but hints of the many sights and sounds which will amaze, amuse, appal, at this open door of Japan.

The customs inspection is strict, but polite. Bows and smiles prevailed with the bland little man who inquired anxiously about the typewriter, whether it was for sale or for use. He was rather stiff, too, about the shiny new bicycle which reposed in its crate; but the kodak lay snuggled among innocent wares, and escaped unnoticed. The man had no interest in personal finery and only wanted to hold up things mercantile.

A First Riksha Ride

Emerged from the shadow of inspection, the novice must make acquaintance with the riksha, that native vehicle, resembling a cradle with the hood raised, hung on tender shafts which end in boat-hooks. This cross between chariot and coffin shakes and trembles as one mounts, and I wondered how far this human mite, in blue sleeves and bare legs, with inverted dish-pan on his head, could carry me. He picked up the boat-hooks like

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST RIDE IN A RIKSHA

A RIKSHA STAND

feathers, and trundled me away, full of the zest of a first experience. In the first rik ride one feels like an inspired idiot on stilts. The riksha grin of the novice is a worthy rival of the bicycle stare. I was lost in my own amusement, and the grin stretched from ear to ear, absorbing every facial feature in a cavernous, jolting laugh. This was followed by terror, as I listened to the creaking, twisting my spinal column for a side-glimpse, and recalling the history of the one-horse shay. The third stage was a struggle for dignity and calm composure, and I tried to look as if to the manor born. Lastly, I acquired nonchalant indifference, poking my head in the hood and my feet in the floor. In bad weather this little hearse seems an invention of the evil one, and frail woman wipes the roof with her plumes, and submits to a vapour-bath among the wraps. A sealed tomb would give up its secrets if dropped inside this Oriental sweat-box.

> "Rattle his bones over the stones,
> Here goes a pauper whom nobody owns,"

I quoted, as the human dog bore away, with his burden practically on his back and under

his arms. He was a study in legs, a chapter in anatomy. Great bunches of muscles rolled up in huge welts to the knees of this typical "Pullman" of Japan, more primitive than we turn out from the car-shops. He pattered across bridges, shied around corners, dodged a stall and a baby, all but ground off the axle of a passing rik, but young and old turned out for rikky, as he had the right of way. He dashed recklessly around the curves; but, when about to collide, he gave a twist of the wrist which slung the coach a hair's breadth, and disaster was averted.

So he threaded a sure path among tortuous lanes, till, at the base of the Bluff, he took a pushman, and, with a series of groans and a shower of moans, I was borne zigzag, criss-cross up the towering hill where five *sen* paid off the pushman.

Below me lay the tinder-box village of Jap-town, its huts thick as thieves; the foreign settlement in towering dignity; and, beyond, the broad blue sea, with its forest of stately ships. Pullman dropped me with a thud, boat-hooks stabbed the earth, and I reeled forward in pained surprise. By the sweat of his brow and the strain of his legs rikky had earned his tariff. He mopped his steamy face with

a grimy muffler, salaamed to earth in return for his cash, picked up his shafts and pattered to his stand, to crouch with the coolies, and while away time in a smoke till another princely foreigner enriched him with a fare.

Only the double rik is sociable, and this is a cradle spacious enough for Lilliputian Japs, but two average Americans feel that tinned sardines are to be envied, and the tight squeeze and close shave might well result in nerve paralysis. Ordinary machines run single file, and to crane one's neck in conversation is a strain which only a hero could endure. When rikky is stocked with garlic and absinthe, he makes the air talk. He pegs on persistently, and his cords strain tensely, and with every jolt comes the thin cry, struck off in two sharp notes, " hey-ho."

Earthquakes

Even the ways of the foreign home are novel. A locked door is dangerous, for, if the earthquake-ridden land is going to shake with ague and have a half-dozen fits in the night, a twisted key would embarrass a sudden flight. Every one is warned to stand on the

threshold when the shakes come, or, if doorways give out, one should leap to the windowsill. My first experience of that ominous thrill, which I learned to know and to fear, came in the silences of the night. The bed rocked, the house shook, the earth staggered. Wise plans were forgotten in the midst of dread reality, and I lay cowering in feebleness, sweating out the terror inspired by the mysterious force which mocks at man's frailty. Many a time did the swaying break my slumber, and menace the peace of the kingdom, and each time, with a heavy heart thump, I wondered if the end had come. It is the land of earthquakes, and they get on the nerves, so that one never grows used to them. Delicate instruments prove that there are often many quakes in a single day, though the tremor may be so slight that one does not perceive it.

Community Baths

The natives are scrupulously clean, and have their public baths on the main streets, where the vats are sunk in the floor, and the bathers indulge in a long soak and a social visit, after they have spluttered and splashed

and soaped from the little wooden wash-tubs which hold perhaps a gallon. As the doors slide back in their grooves, these community baths are often open to the view of the passer, and many an Adam and Eve, *sans* bathing-suits, are seen floundering like seals in a tank.

Because this nude simplicity was known to shock the foreigner, the emperor demanded that the sexes should bathe separately, and hence one often sees a bamboo rod stretched across the bath-house floor, forming the line of demarcation. Thus the fiat is obeyed, and the separation of the sexes is maintained.

Modesty is a comparative term, and standards vary. Clothes, too, are a matter of conventionality, an accretion of civilization. An American, visiting a Japanese merchant, delayed his bath till the others had retired. He then went modestly and alone, soaped and lathered from the wooden tub, rinsed in clear water, and entered the large vat for a peaceful soak, when, shades of infant modesty! a tiny Eve, simply clad, — in a placid smile, — intruded on his solitude and he was forced to beat a hasty and confused retreat to ruminate later on the queer customs of the country.

Graceful Manners

At every turn the comparatively brusque foreigner has an object-lesson in good manners, for those of the Japanese are graceful and enticing, even though they mean nothing, or are a cloak for trickery. O Tey San bowed low and shuffled with extra speed on being called "the honourable miss." Toward daybreak she shook me up for tea and after sunrise she shuffled in again to open up the daylight. She giggled and grinned, cackled and chattered, and said "velly, velly solly," when it rained, as if she felt personally responsible for the weather. If I did not rise in time, she toddled back with the anxious query, "No getty uppy? Sleepy?" and nearly split her tiny throat in a merry cascade of cackles, in recognition of what she considered the greatest joke on earth.

Nor was there peace for one who indulged in such irregularity. Later the door opened, and the little majordomo, a human spinning-top, with immortal smile, huge head, and tapering legs, dropped in to see the freak who was too sleepy to eat. Evidently such specimens were rare, for he cried dramatically, "Tane meenit pas nine; no blekfas,

make fire," and pushed in an ancestor who tottered around on all fours like a dusky chimpanzee and struck a spark in the icy air.

Japanese children are expected to obey, and Spinning Top crowned his forty odd years with a deluge of tears, when his papa ordered him to marry. He defied paternal authority, and served our numerical meals in single blessedness.

The menu was called in numbers, since the servants could follow "2-5-7" when they could never understand "roast, carrots, pudding."

Lack of Sanitation

Those things which grow on the ground are forbidden fruits and are always tabooed by the croaker, unless cooked or peeled. Luscious berries and tempting salads are dangerous from lack of drainage, for, as there is no sewage system, the little farms are enriched by human refuse. All is not skittles and beer in the land of the cherry blossom. In the late afternoon the open green is beautiful beyond the huddled town. It is a wondrous picture of sky and land, thatched roofs and sacred Fuji, towering

in majestic glory, but the air is defiled by noisome odours, which stalk abroad like grim pestilence. Coolies tramp about with yoke and buckets dangling from their shoulders. The green fields will be richer for the fertilizing agent which they scatter, but the beauty all about is tainted by the nauseous air, and garden fruits are no temptation.

Street Sights and Sounds

The essentials are dear in Japan. The tourist always pays the piper. Only in his laundry bill can he delight, for it matters not whether the item be a dainty kerchief or an elaborate gown, a boiled shirt or a ruffled skirt, two American cents will pay for it. Needless baubles may be numbered among things cheap. The people are all great lovers of nature, and the humblest have artistic taste. The flower vender yokes his garden across his neck or squats at a corner with fragrant hyacinths at five cents a plant. Gay pansies and modest primroses are much cheaper, and a pair of goldfish with rough-blown globe costs but two cents. Garden and menagerie grow up around the tempted tourist. Canaries, suspected of being

painted sparrows but looking like pure gold, are warranted to sing at twenty cents a throat. The candy man draws like a lodestone. His brown sugar and water sputter on the coals. The mass boils and evaporates and thickens to a little pat, which is dumped for an airing and is then all ready for use. Here is maple-sugar, also, in a solid mass, and a tiny child with a snubby nose and hair gathered in a war-lock, with dirty hands and a penny, runs to the booth, her face aglow with the joy that beams through the grime. With a carpenter's plane the old man scrapes the big cake and gathers the sweet shavings into a little wad. He cleans the last crumb from his plane, pats and squeezes the lump between his dirty thumb and finger, and then stabs it on a reed, which he passes to the enraptured child, as he pockets the penny. The gingerbread man pours batter into little moulds of Buddha and cooks it to a turn. It looked so good, it smelled so good, I thought of grandma and was caught. To eat a brown god with a muddy inside was not the delight I had hoped, and one terrible taste was enough, while the gingerbread god went spinning in the gutter, and religious dyspepsia was allayed by hot water.

Homes breed children, and in Japan they mature so young that one often questions to which of three generations a mite belongs. Wee girls of five years bear the burden of a younger baby and play hop-scotch in the street with the infant strapped on the back. Baby's head dangles all ways and bobs about lumpily in the sun. He appeals for mercy, but he is only a pack of flesh, strapped on where he will make the least trouble, and he gets little attention for the noise he makes. But the Japanese love their children and are uniformly kind to them. Almost never does one see a baby struck. Neglect and ignorance, not wilful cruelty, are the distress of the little ones.

Dirt and glare soon injure the eyes, and one encounters the blind everywhere. They march like stately phantoms, fearless of danger, swinging their graceful robes and feeling their way with long sticks. Rikky calls a sharp "hey-ho," and they are quick to hear. If confused in the locality, the blind man calmly plants himself midway, and merciful rikky makes a détour. Darkness and daylight are alike to him, but in the dead of night, when traffic ceases, the blind masseur is everywhere, threading his way

YOUTHFUL STREET ACROBATS

through the thick of Japtown far into the Settlement and on the heights of the windy Bluff, in and out of the twisting alleys. Two high notes of his reed, weird and melancholy, far and near, sing through the darkness as he gropes his way, humbly seeking honest work, this unfortunate, who in many a land would be a beggar. For a few sen he will knead and pound and rub the invalid, and a livelihood is assured.

Not less mystic, in the night, is the sound of the watchman on his beat. He is hired by the residents of his locality, and like a grim spectre he makes his round. His lantern silhouettes him, and his long pole strikes the stones, and his rings of brass shake out their metal cry. He prowls behind the match-box shanties, and his patrons know they are secure.

Theatre Street, where bright lanterns hang, is a scene of innocent delight, with long banners of black chirography which advertise the shows. Smiling and contented, the crowd struggles on, and the stranger sees the Japs as they march. Stalls of food, flowers, and crockery stretch far into the street; sweet potatoes, steaming from the boiler, are skinned for the buyer; snails, un-

savoury rice, raw fish on spikes, are revealed by the flickering torch. Huge poppers of beans suggest pop-corn. There are forests of miniature trees, trained to every device of Japanese art. Three cents will buy a family of crockery babies stretched on their stomachs and raising their bald heads to show a single forelock, ready for scalping. In the shooting-gallery, the little lady bends low and presents a gun before we know that we are bent on war. The rubber pellet never hits the puppet, but another rifle splits a distant feather. On departure, the little lady rewards the visitor with a candy fish with red head and black eye, which will never be edible, but will serve as a souvenir till the sugar melts.

Against a fence the palmist spreads a table of mysterious literature and diagrams of stiff, unnatural hands. The sleeves of his long kimono are full of magic, and, behind his horn glasses, he looks the patriarchal theologian. Being ready for experiences, the friend says "hands down," and there follows a stentorian harangue as he draws a wand through the crevices and expounds with solemn gravity. There are queer features in this hand's history and the old chap

turns from grave to gay. The crowd shrieks with mirth, while the victim feels very like a fool. It takes little to make the native laugh, but it would be less embarrassing to know what is being said. As the people chuckle and nudge and grow hysterical, we are evidently the butt of wild jokes. The philosopher pokes his stick between the fingers, to indicate that the victim will have much money, which will always trickle away. This gives the climax of mirth to the crowds, which roar with delight as the old man winds up his story and clicks his coin. He has them in good humour, and anxious to know their fate, as we leave him and saunter across to the auction, and the crowd again swings our way and watches for our bids as we handle the wares. The vender is young and gay and graceful, and he gains courage with this sudden rally. He flings the white goods on the air, and reaches them out for us to sample. Frantically he throws his arms about in dramatic despair, in response to low bids. He is a study in fleeting emotions as he dashes off scathing comment and flings merry jokes.

The Busy Bazaars

In the bazaars one is lost in a Grecian border of roofed stalls with their offerings of pipes, purses, prints, pictures, fancy tooth-picks, box puzzles, and every ingenious kick-shaw. A rickety flight leads up-stairs to a similar enigma of stalls, and we follow the narrow alleys where the tide of life is surging. Suddenly there comes a wild stampede. Every man bolts through the passage. The clatter of clogs makes pandemonium. At the exit we find that a distant tinder shanty is in flames, and a fire is always interesting when there is no hope for the building and effort centres on the wares in the neighbouring houses.

The busy thoroughfares are packed with hives, where humanity asks little space. At late night the fitful torch and murky lamp still burn. Babies tumble about, and the family reads the news, foots up sales, mends, tinkers, sews, and makes the wooden clogs which sound "clamp clomp," with two distinct notes of a high and low key, like the beat of a coming army. The inmates kneel on the mats at meal-time, while the men manage the chop-sticks and the women anticipate each wish of the lord and master.

They crouch around the brass hebachi, that melancholy little kettle of ashes where flickering charcoal warms the outspread fingers. Later, they bring in the wares and draw the sliding wall of the little box which serves as home and store. One step up, they draw another panel, set with little panes of paper, and they spread rugs on the spotless matting, and the family goes fast asleep resting on little wooden pillows which would give us cramps for a week. Such is the life of the merchant, the average, well-to-do middle class. These are the midgets whose every phase of life is Lilliputian. Meagre and bare as it looks, it is the making of the brave soldier on the battle-field.

The little people of bows and smiles see no reason for our aggressive speech, pushing ways, abrupt manners. They have time to be polite. To them life means more leisure and less money. They linger long over a sale, and seem to care little if they make one. They love their treasures and know their worth, and the best are hidden away. The commoner wares are exposed, and the *pièce de résistance* is trotted out only when the merchant sees that he has an appreciative customer. If we haggle below

his dignity, he bows low, smiles serenely, says a gentle "Thank you," and replaces the piece on the shelf.

The Kindly Natives

If we are but a little kind to them they are supremely kind to us. One day in the train a wee creature cuddled up on her knees to me and began a voluble output of the lingo. I nodded and grinned like an idiot, but her astonished gaze told me I was unsatisfactory. At last she ventured, "Air you a chreeschin? Me too, me chreeschin." This is the constant query of the native, and, though I had started out with a confident reply, constant hammering of the question had brought doubts as to my surety, and in despair I sometimes startled the native with the answer, "No, I am an American."

This little lady fished in the depths of her cavernous sleeves, and intuitively I clapped my hand on my pocket. Why do we distrust the very ones who would befriend us? Do we accuse ourselves in suspecting others? Many times have I realized the meanness of my doubts. She was no more a robber than I was. We were separated

in the push at the station, but the conductor rushed up with some article in his hand. "It is not mine. It belongs to the lady," I said. He returned in a moment and remarked, "For you. She say me geef you." The dear little lady had sent a souvenir of her friendship, a roll of gaudy circus figures whose mysticism I could not fathom, but her kind intent was legible in the heart language of the world.

The Theatre

The theatre is a continuous vaudeville, the delight of the native, where two-cent, three-cent, and five-cent shows keep the people in wild guffaws over the most childish nonsense. Clogs by the hundred rest at the door, and the patron is checked with a billet of wood in exchange for his shoes. The cheapest places are nearest the stage, and the high-priced people are banked in the rear, while the natives squat on mats in front. Flags and banners, dragons and goblins, array the walls. A dreary brass band beats out a measure. On the stage, the director and manager, rolled in one, a weird dwarf in green baggy breeches, with

billiard-ball pate, rings a dinner-bell, and with Sunday-school voice tells the startling thing that shall follow. Stage demeanour is stiff and tragic. Fascinated infants toddle to the stage, till an extra wild lunge of swords drives them, fearful, back to their mothers. The Japanese are famed fencers, jugglers, acrobats; the clowns are done out in war-paint and whitewash, and are a few grades sillier than at home, but their simplest antics provoke side-splitting mirth. One clumsy creature repeatedly tumbles off backward into the pit, and a string of clogs is revealed tied to his waist. This is the acme of the comical to the simple people. The tight-rope walker performs his daring stunts of dressing, dancing in clogs, and catching trifles as he sways in mid-air. Baby clowns and girls of six years run a race on revolving globes as their tiny feet patter nimbly to keep the balance. One child, frightfully scared, is tossed to and fro, to alight on an extended arm, and mount a living pyramid, and pivot high on a slippery head. A little lad shins up a bamboo-rod, poised on the shoulder of a native. He swings and gyrates and performs his antics at the top. The crowd watches breathless, as the rod swings and

THE THEATRE IN YOKOHAMA

bends. Four coolies wait below, to catch the child if he falls. He slides half-way, then remounts, to pivot on his back, as he spreads in all directions, till he seems impaled. He catches a loop and swings to either side and revolves. There is more pain than pleasure to strained nerves in watching him, and one wishes that children were not so cheap or so plenty in the Orient.

Little Katie of the Nectarine

One would have no adequate notion of Japan without visiting the quarter set apart in the great cities for the slave-girls of the nation, and, with every ship that comes to port, there is a rapid trundling of the rikshas toward the famous Nectarine. Most men and many women, for reason of trade or curiosity, hunt out this strange haunt of vice. Beyond the pale of her private home, within this public den, pretty little Katie, known rather for her gentle beauty and her winsome ways than for her evil life, drew upon my tender love. She looked so sweet and innocent that one quite forgot she was a hardened little sinner, this inmate of the neat white house with green blinds, in a remote corner, catering

especially to foreign trade. If the measure of sin depends on the standards of the country, then Katie must not be despised. The novice in the Orient is often " dropped down gently " by experienced friends, and I was cajoled with the notion of seeing a *café chantant,* and dainty Katie met me and beguiled me before I guessed my whereabouts. She was so coy and artless, this child of ill-fame, that the term seemed cruel when coupled with the little maid, who suggested a bit of gay china. Her unblushing frankness had the naïveté of innocence. She horrified us with honest talk, but she seemed to find no evil in her life. She was decidedly a child of nature, and her life was part of herself. She was only a little one, hardly sixteen, who regretted not her past, recked not of the future, and knew no shame for the present. She supplied a market demand. Let the shame rest elsewhere. She showed fondness for the white ladies who petted her, and she toddled about in rainbow robe, with gay obi, and oily topknot sprinkled with gewgaws. She cuddled down affectionately beside us, and chattered in her broken patois. She rolled out ripples of laughter, that fell like a jolly cascade, when we paid her pretty compliments.

The matron, tawny and wrinkled but always polite, known through all the land as "Mother Jesus," filled little glasses with a tempting drink. The newcomer grew fearful. "Is it a put-up job? Will they drug us and do us up?" But there is no trickery in well-regulated Japan. Methods and management are open as the day, as transparent as little Katie's heart.

There came a summons for the girls, and she toddled away, to join the troop of airy midgets who thronged for inspection. "Many are called, but few are chosen," and Katie returned with a sunny smile. When asked how she learned her pretty English, her answer came with terrible truth, and impressed the moral nightmare of her life. "Ze gentlemen, zey teach me Engleesch." The frank answer startled and saddened the inquisitor.

I strolled to the hall, and looked off to the courtyard of flowers. A dozen little sisters threw wide their doors and urged me to enter. I must inspect their belongings and sit cosily with them on the mats. All were sweet and gracious, but no one was so pretty as wee Katie. I wondered what spirit moved them. Was it the native instinct of politeness, or was

there deep in the heart's recess a longing to sit with one of their great sisterhood whose life was altogether different? They did not show that they knew any difference.

Segregated children of the Nectarine, set apart in their little tainted world, cut off like moral lepers from the larger and the better life, generally the victims of the world which comes to them! Probably they never question the solution of life's great problem. There are no other women so dainty and pretty, so kind and gentle, so polite and gracious, so faithful and submissive, so winning in all their ways. Has their life no richer meaning than this daily round of sin? Does the present bring content? Or is there in every girl's heart a womanly yearning for a better fate? Are they all irresponsible, light-hearted children, whose merry laugh rings true to pleasure? I rubbed my eyes in bewilderment, as I recalled the strange experience. It was not curious slumming in a big foreign town; for the new vision of life had awakened a great vexed question, and had wrung my heart with pity for a sisterhood that knew not its own needs. A wail arises for depraved humanity. Overwhelmed by the pathos, one feels powerless to help.

Winsome little Katie has been bought, and has left the Nectarine. A white man paid the price. She will ever be a living picture on my mind. May the great All-Father remember that she is His child, and enfold her in His mantle of universal love.

CHAPTER II

THE CHERRY-BLOSSOM SEASON

A Land of Cherry Blossoms

IT is not enough to simply visit a country, for that does not mean successful travelling, nor imply that one has seen the land. The aim of the traveller should be to be at the right time in the right place. Spring is liable to be cold and dreary in Japan. There are many days of mist and rain, yet the wanderer who can control his steps makes a big mistake in losing the joys of the cherry season. We were hovering over a hebachi, trying to extract a bit of heat from the slumbering charcoal for our frigid fingers, when the man declared he would never come again in spring-time cold and raw, but would wait for warmer weather. He little guessed the discomfort and the suffering from midsummer heat in fair Japan. I suggested that his rea-

soning ignored the typical event of the year, the lovely cherry-blossom fête, but he bore down upon me with all the wisdom of ignorance. He knew what cherry blossoms were! We had them at home! He had not crossed the water merely to see cherry blossoms!

To see a single branch, a single tree, a single orchard of New England blossoms, is quite another thing from seeing the entire land swept with a misty and a magic veil of pink and white. It is safe to arrive in Japan the first of April. During the next two weeks the land is wrapped in mystic colour. Bands of diaphanous tints spread through the sky, as if Iris had dropped her dainty scarf across our way. Down the back lanes and across country paths, in the broad acres of Ueno Park, through the woodland, and along the banks of the Arashiyama rapids, wherever the pilgrim turns his staff, the beautiful blossoms are floating through the air, and life outdoors seems a fairy dream. The foreigners wonder and admire, while the natives love and adore the tender blossoms. Word is sped from Tokio to Yokohama, "The cherries are at their height to-day. The best may be gone if you wait another day. Don't fail to come at once," and the trains are

packed with enthusiasts. The foreigners are there for no other purpose than to see and enjoy, while the natives are ready for the first excuse to picnic. They are devoted to excursions, so the little men close their shops, and the little ladies gather the children, and, with the last baby on the mother's back and the next one strapped to an older sister, they all clatter away to Ueno, where the daintiest shades sweep the air. They wander along the highways, and thousands of clogs resound by the banks of the Sumida, where the branches sweep off to the river, where the pleasure-boats ply the stream. The roadways are dense with the crowding, surging masses, all kindly, all sauntering leisurely, where venders of foods and of toys are making a harvest. It is a living picture of native life, a panorama to enjoy for ever. In such a scene of spontaneous pleasure one comes in touch with real Japan. It is the true life of the people, with nothing artificial made up for the tourist.

Every one who could lingered near the capital, till the time for the great garden-party of the emperor, which is the society ambition of the tourist. His Highness waited for the fairest bloom of his double cherry

blossoms, and the date was vague, until just before the event, which occurred April 17th.

From Yokohama to Kioto by Boat

There were other regions glowing with beauty, and there were weird celebrations in honour of the national flower at the ancient capital of Kioto, and on the day following the emperor's party we started for the distant city. Sheets of rain pattered on the rikshas as we were whirled toward the wharf, but they benignly ceased just long enough to transfer us in a sampan, with the canvas trunk, to the big boat in the bay. There were few companions on the old *Peking* which bore us down to Kobe, and the boat has since been beached as useless. We lay helpless through a tiresome day, and the lady who got up feeling " fine as a fiddle " soon succumbed to the rough passage, and tumbled into her bunk feeling anything but fine. The old English lady with high collar, who played the rôle of stewardess, said " my dear " through all the trip, and a bright Sunday morning saw us in the harbour of Kobe, where I began a search for the trunk, which seemed irrevocably lost. The space which held it the night

we embarked was void of baggage, and, after long talk and many signs, it was dragged from an empty cabin, like a guilty stowaway, and we made a march for the station, to book for old Kioto, where the wonderful Miyako Odori was running a merry month of cherry dances, to the joy of the native and the wonder of the foreigner.

A Ceremonious Tea-party

The tea ceremony preceded the dance, and we waited in the anteroom, shod in moccasins and armed with wooden tickets. The usher waved us to the inner shrine, where low stools and lacquer tables lined the walls, and the guests in solemn silence awaited developments.

Mincing, but quiet and dignified, five wee fairies toddled in, each bringing a much-flowered earthen saucer and a pasty ball stabbed with a skewer. She dropped her offering before a guest, bent herself double in salute, and tottered away. Back and forth they flitted, like rainbows running across the carpet, till all were served. Each maid was in gala gown, and topped by a chignon of flowers. They relaxed not a muscle, gave no

side glance to the stranger, but lived up to the important dignity of their mission. These children of eight years showed the discipline of the tried soldier, and were far more correct than the guests. They disappeared, and all the foreigners looked fearfully at the snowballs before them.

One green and hungry creature tried to sample the frosting. She was promptly thumped and warned by a stage whisper, " Use your eyes. They only look at it." People smoked freely, and knocked the ashes into little trays on the table. One gentleman revealed the mystery of the bamboo tube, which had so bothered me. He coughed seriously, raised the tube, and replaced it on the stand. So the tubes were cuspidors within arm's reach. It does not sound pretty for a tea-party, but the tubes answered a human need, and the fleckless floor was never sullied by a careless aim at a distant spittoon. There never was a native so debased that he spat on the spotless matting.

All eyes were on the door as the queen of night stood on the threshold, wearing long black robes, with suggestion of colour at neck and arms. She made a low salutation, and moved with measured grace to her table

arrayed with a caldron and exquisite dishes. She showed her elegant fingers to advantage as she reached for her utensils with dexterous precision, and drew them to her at the angle demanded by the code of tea etiquette arranged by Hideyoshi and his nobles centuries before. From her obi she drew a dainty silk cloth, and folded it with care, ere she dusted off each dish. Her dignity was courtly; she seemed utterly oblivious of everything but that elegant ceremony. With a long ladle she poured hot water, and with a bamboo wisp stirred the beverage. A rainbow doll beside her carried the bowl of powdered liquid to the nearest guest, and the queen backed, bowing, from the room to replenish her teapot. Other rainbows glided in with steaming bowls, and gathered up the tickets, amid many salaams. The queen returned and made another bowl, which came to me, in line of procession. Then the statuesque lady waited, while the natives lapped and sucked, swung their bowls and caught the last leaf, and it sounded as if a tidal wave were sweeping away the bowls and the drinkers. Such pomp and ceremony over the choky stuff, which seemed to my uncultivated taste a fit penalty for murderers, was a strain on the nerves, and

I nearly upset the tea-party descended from Hideyoshi by casting a merry smile and a wicked wink at the little waiting-maid, who fell from dignity into a semi-smothered and explosive snicker, while the neighbours helplessly stared her out of countenance. She regained her stoicism, and crept up to my side to innocently ask, "More tea?" My negative was positive, and she said a kindly "Thank you," as she grabbed the bowl and tottered away. In the oppressive silence which followed no one moved, till the gracious queen of the occasion rose and left the room, with stately slides and graceful bows. Then every native drew forth a handkerchief, and wrapped up the saucers and the frosted cake. Like souvenir fiends we, too, pocketed our trophies, and then repaired to the theatre.

The Theatre in Cherry-blossom Season

A rear gallery was reserved for foreigners, while the natives squatted on their mats on the floor of the house. The stage ran around the sides and front. A whine, a wail, which rose to a whoop, broke through the walls as the curtain lifted and showed rows of kneeling girls, robed in heliotrope and violet.

Pound, pound, thump, thump, they beat the drum-heads, jerking back, with a quick, right-angled movement holding one stick straight in air, and dropping the other like a pile-driver. They were stiff and angular as puppets pulled by strings. Some held, against their faces, drums which looked like hour-glasses, and these the little ladies spanked with methodical rhythm. A Thomas concert on the back fence is the only simile for the dreadful tones produced, screaming in high falsetto and then chasing down to a subterranean note, till we shuddered to think of the suffering of the performers. "Wiauh-auu-auu, wiau-au-u au-u-u!" they shrieked and moaned, till we longed for their trials to end. What at first was funny became sad and mournful. Tragically they banged on the right, and dramatically they responded from the left wing. Pathetic notes in a nasal twang accompanied the picking and scraping of the strings, which sounded through three sad tones, till one felt that "the melancholy days have come." Demon was pitted against demon in a sad, mad travesty of music.

Geishas advanced to the front, gesturing with palm fans, and attitudinizing to every fantastic pose. They ran away, to reappear

THE THEATRE IN CHERRY-BLOSSOM SEASON

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THE THEATRE IN CHERRY-BLOSSOM SEASON

with folded fans, which they shook loose and raised and lowered over their heads and beside them. Again they ran off, while the scenes were shifted. There was no attempt to conceal the changes. Coolies, like artless children, placed cascades and castles before the audience. They arranged glittering palaces, and rippling waters fell through the forest's shade. The airy and fantastic vision compensated for the agony which our ears had endured.

The little maids returned with scrolls. They advanced and retreated till they met a vapoury line, and pinned their papers in the air. It reminded one of Orlando as he pinned sonnets to the trees. There the missives fluttered and unrolled, in a vision of pretty colour and form, fantastic valentines, caught in mid-air. Then the scene changed to a cherry-blossom realm. Clouds of colour drooped from above. The midgets reëntered waving and fluttering branches of pink and white, and a halo of soft light floated above them. We wondered not that the artistic people loved their cherry blossoms, that they revelled in the dreamy beauty, and through twenty-eight nights of the month of April squatted content in the presence of the cherry

dances. In five nightly performances of forty happy minutes each the little maids created winsome fairy-land, and held the people under magic spell; and, for the stranger, the beating of tom-toms, the spanking of drum-heads, the sad caterwaul, and the fog-horn note were forgotten in the beauteous vision of sifting petals.

Public Procession of Prostitutes

Kioto alone retains a strange remnant of the barbarism formerly practised, but now abolished, throughout all the other cities, and tourists from all quarters planned attendance at the annual procession of April 21st. It is a date to be marked and remembered if the traveller would see the most unique pageant in the land, but it is not a sight for the prude, and the ordinary Christian throws away scruples and principles in a measure when he lends his countenance to the strange, sad spectacle. Conventional folks would prefer to be masked, and one who understands the wherefore of the scene would not care to be recognized by casual acquaintances. Yet everybody came, some innocently, and others knowingly, for the best of people do throw

away conventionality when they try to be intelligent travellers. One loses in knowledge who clings too closely to old rituals in a foreign land.

The eventful day dawned in a setting of gray. If the pent-up torrents fell, woe betide the tourists' snap-shot, and the gowns of the marching girls. No one was sure of the hour, and the uncertain authorities placed it between two and four. It was risky to put trust in Oriental figures, and it would be maddening to miss what one had come so far to see.

At one P. M. we left the hotel for an endless ride, beside the river, along the canal, through alleys, and among shanties winding out on to a country road fringed with rice paddies and mustard fields. At the narrow gate of the enclosure the multitudes bristled, and left not a free inch. I squirmed like an eel through the battling throngs, and pushed my way up the narrow lane, though coolies and policemen hit me in the ribs as I advanced. It was a national crush. Homes and tea-houses were open to friends and patrons, railed-off squares were dense with humanity, and every balcony had its crowds. For a quarter of a mile we searched up the narrow

pass for the enclosure of the Kioto House. "Here, lady, this way," said a kindly voice in recognition of a patron, and his flag waved toward me. I jumped the rail and settled in a front seat.

Two hours we studied the *va-et-vient* of the natives. Mothers nursed their babies, who turned from the breast to coo with content at the crowds. A careless coolie dropped a large part of his trousers, and calmly stooped to gather up his sash, and re-cover his tawny skin. Neither he nor his friends felt disturbed. At home that little incident would have been embarrassing, only it could not occur. Nothing more natural in Japan than that a man might drop some of his raiment, which he would regard as a bother, anyway.

Only once did I notice a shock. The girl at my side had not taken in the situation, nor caught the meaning of the term Yoshiwara, and she innocently exclaimed: "It is all very queer for a religious ceremony. Why don't the priests appear?"

"Priests!" I gasped. "There is little use for them. This is not a temple service, and there is not much room for religion in the

THE CAGED GIRLS OF THE YOSHIWARA

annual parade of the bad girls of the brothel."

Injured Innocence subsided, while native and foreigner jostled together in a scramble for a place. Coolies on the roof-tops cracked their witticisms, which the crowd applauded. At last they were coming. People turned their eyes and craned their necks toward the entrance. Bustling policemen made a nervous attempt to clear the way. The crowd was hushed. On they came, slowly, a dozen geishas, in scarlet, tugging at the cordon of red and white attached to the fanciful flower chariot. Its tinsel work trembled, and its slender branches quivered as if they would shake their soft petals on the crowds. The flowers were only pretty papers, with the appearance of a moving garden. The natives live among flowers and are easy imitators of the pretty blossoms which they have always cultivated.

The Leader of Sin and Her Gay Retinue

The artificial car was the prelude of the realism to follow. It was succeeded by two mites, possibly of six years, wearing gay kimonos and glossy black chignons, done like

butterfly's wings. Their skin was laid with paste and paint, which proclaimed how false were their lives. Slowly they paced before their mistress, lifting high their ungainly clogs. Behind came the Queen of Sin, shameless leader of infamy in the big city. She was a bundle of emblazoned iniquity, paraded through the streets as a glorified advertisement of human degradation.

The whole procedure was a pitiful commentary on the disgusting depravity of mankind. The twentieth century had dawned since the Son of God had rebuked the woman of licentious life; yet, piled upon this pinnacle of Christian civilization, in an age which vaunts its purity of thought and holiness of purpose, a nation high in progress and in respectability produced this public spectacle, the triumph of the Scarlet Woman, not as a warning, a horror, and a moral lesson, but as an iniquitous triumph, the embodiment of vice rampant in the modern world, decked in costly clothing, dazzling with gorgeous finery which few could afford, which only the wicked would wear, a glowing boast of the traffic in human life, a sensuous appeal to every sensual instinct in the range of human passions, an unblushing,

walking advertisement of the prostitutes' quarter!

Christian types from every civilized nation were interested spectators. By what motive they were drawn, only each heart could answer, but it would be safe to say that nine, if not ten, in every ten were drawn by mere curiosity. We could not honestly attach any high motive to our presence at a scene so degrading, and the fact of our presence was a travesty on our boasted purity. We had come from all the peoples who send their teachers and their preachers to reform the heathen world; we had paid high and had journeyed fast and far; we had endured discomfort and fatigue to partake of this monstrous scene of hardened sin. I wondered what thoughts animated the audience as they watched the gaudy sirens. Was there a thrill of pity for the creatures plastered thick in immoral mud, girls once innocent, who now paraded their vileness? Was there a feeling akin to pity in any human heart of the many who countenanced the sin by their presence? Did the watching Christians give much thought to the real and terrible meaning of the passing pageant? From my own sense of

shame and sinking of heart, I longed to feel the pulse of the crowd.

Whatever thought dominated, the visitors sat in speechless, almost breathless, wonder before the queer designs and radiant colours of these strange costumes. I searched the face of the leader among the courtesans, chosen as the first exemplar of her trade. She was without expression, like a stone image propelled by a machine. If she gloated in her questionable honour, if she delighted in her publicity, who could tell? It is not given nor permitted to the Japanese to wear the heart upon the sleeve, and if that little skull held any thought, it was well hidden from the curious world; the Japanese are skilled in reserve. Her face was plastered in white lead, which gave her the pallor of a spectre. Her lower lip was dyed deep carmine, and her upper lip shaded from brown to black. Her raven hair, shiny with oil, and drawn high on the Japanese cushion, was wound with bright coils of wool, inlaid with beads. Strings of coral dangled about, and darts of bone and horn formed a halo to the pallid face. She wore a tiara of silver tinsel, from which bobbed a garden of artificial flowers. The decorations were gaudy,

but tawdry and cheap. Many layers of bright lining peeped up from the open neck. At equal spaces in the back the brown skin showed in precise triangles where the white paint was not applied, and the effect was like a very regular picket fence. The accuracy of the triangles is a point of high etiquette among the girls. She carried her hands on her hips, and her elbows spread like wings beneath the robes, supporting the ponderous garments which fell in heavy folds to her feet. The brilliant colouring and the groundwork of embroidery made a mystery of beauty. Her clogs were six inches high, deeply notched, and her step was the climax of stage etiquette. She placed one foot forward, and turned it in around the other, stood poised, turned this front foot out, and repeated the laborious step with the other foot. She marched with difficulty, holding the heavy robes which fell persistently about her feet, which were natural and beautiful. A people who have never been shod in leather are not martyrs to corns and bunions, and her foot was a shapely type, not compressed, but spread as nature intended, and the fat, pink toes were tipped by pretty nails. She passed like a moving statue, bedecked in gay colour.

She seemed totally unfeeling. Not a side glance from the tail of her eye did she give to the thousands lined up to stare her out of countenance.

Near her walked her ahmah, a womanly attendant in dark robes, whose duty it was to foresee the girl's needs. Behind came her coolie, dressed in flowing green, embroidered with the crest of her house, a pretty clover leaf. Above the girl's head he carried a huge umbrella of oiled paper and bamboo.

For an instant she halted and trembled, and we wondered if she would fall from her stilted clogs. Was the honour of heading the procession overpowering her? Had she a fear that she would not do credit to her calling? Was she stage-struck before the great throngs? Was she faint with the weight of her robes? Did a latent sense of shame shake the little body? Certainly this girl of the public, daubed with paint, and plastered with paste and with crime so deep that one questioned if she still had soul or sense, trembled on her pedestal of shame. Drops of sweat oozed through the whitewash, and trickled in streamlets toward the exact brown triangles. With pats of her silk kerchief, the ahmah dried the slimy spots. Care-

THE PROCESSION OF PROSTITUTES

fully she placed a hairpin and arranged the heavy folds that fell about the woman's feet. The wadded robe was awkward, and perversely swung about the ankles; but, picking up her garments and taking courage afresh, the girl passed on.

A Sad Object-lesson

Our eyes turned to the next vanguard of midgets and to their gay mistress. Sympathy was strong for these little ones apprenticed to crime and nurtured in the dens of sin. They were fated children, doomed to a life which was not their choice. They were early candidates for future shame.

Every beautiful shade of colour passed in the gay gowns. Deep carmine, royal purple, sky-blue, Nile-green, scarlet, heliotrope, like waves of light, were woven in marvellous designs, shot with gold thread, and glittering with fanciful effects. A huge peacock spread his proud wings in rich embroidery. The lotus, the iris, and the cherry loomed in a blaze of beauty on the gowns. The stork stood tall among the reeds. Just an hour and five minutes were consumed in the passing of the glittering pageant, which contained

only ten girls and their personnel. Closely I looked for the hidden history in the face of each courtesan. I never saw pleasure, not a vestige of joy. If the face were not a blank, it stood for stony indifference, as if the girl were driven blindly on through empty space. Sometimes there were pathos and sadness, a hunger and longing in the eyes which might never again be lighted by hope. Occasionally the girl spoke briefly to her ahmah, but always with a quiet dignity. Not once did a girl show consciousness of the staring crowds.

"They are prostitutes, but very great ladies, so grand that they often keep their noblest patron waiting, and will not see him till it suits their pleasure," said a guide. The remark was a key to the situation in Japan. The lost girl, isolated, and set apart in her peculiar quarter, yet held mastery among her guests. She was sure of patronage. The highest and the noblest would bid for her, and, while she held her popular rank, she could indulge her petty whims and fancies, and the nobles themselves must do her bidding.

If the reckless foreigner was not awed and subdued by the thrilling object-lesson, at least

he made his comments in hushed voice. Among the visitors silence seemed golden, and speech was the tinkling brass that jarred. We had much to fill the thought. The Japanese took it lightly. They were used to it, and it meant a gala-day, one more picnic added to their outings, which they would not have missed for anything. Babies in gay kimonos cooed and crowed in delight, and reached their fat hands for the passing gewgaws. Grown-ups chattered in their heedless way, happy as if watching a circus. Rough coolies on the roof-tops shouted derisive insults and were loudly applauded. Regardless of praise or censure, the living images glided on, till the last was a bright mass of colour and gold embroidery in the distance. Mothers strapped their babies on their backs, and I wondered if many of those laughing little ones were destined to a similar fate. Coolies slid from the roofs. As if stunned by a too bright light, or by a blow in the conscience, we pulled ourselves together. To us the spectacle seemed sad and revolting; we knew that Mephisto had tempted Faust with the houris of hell.

CHAPTER III

SIGHTSEEING

A Typical Temple

WE alighted at the leafy station in the hills, and were hailed with the cry of "Riksha, riksha," by the little men in dish-pan hats. We knew what we wanted, and when we had extracted from their light vocabulary the words, "Temple bell, pine-tree, boat," we hoped nothing further from their scanty English so far inland, and we settled down for a trundle through a labyrinth of lanes lined with stalls of china Buddhas, and past sheds where tea and saké tempted the traveller.

I was temple-tired, for often had I passed through that red and black sign of Shinto faith, the picturesque torii, which stands before the temple where natives drink from the holy well, and toss a penny through the grate, as they pull the bell-rope and clap their

hands to call the god's attention to the gift, as they mumble the prayer, " Amida-Buddha, Amida-Buddha." Behind the lattice sits great Buddha, covered with spit-balls, which are the prayers of the faithful, and have been answered if the little wads have stuck to the god. He is often so covered with the pellets that he looks like a modern Job, bursting with boils.

Traditions of a Temple Bell

Beneath a tiresome flight of steps, the view stretched out to thatched roofs wrapped in purple and white wistaria, and flashes of colour lay beside the pearly line of road which ran beside the blue lake, whose deep green hills rose like protecting giants by the edge. Descending to the sombre forest, by paths of velvet moss, we sought the monastery bell in the thicket. Generally the tongueless temple bell has its separate home, and stands unmoved till it resounds to the push of the big battering ram which hangs at its side, as the devotee offers up his prayer. Not to pray or to push the beam had we rolled through the forest, but to hunt the tradition of the hillside, where famous Benkei,

bold bell robber and sacrilegious kidnapper, had performed his daring deed. He was a wicked giant of the twelfth century, eight feet tall, with the strength of a hundred men. While trying to kill a worthy hero, he found that his would-be victim was an abler fencer than himself, and, from admiration for superior power, he became the hero's devoted henchman. Benkei settled on the schoolboy trick of depriving the old monks of their monastery bell, so he carried it to the mountain's top, and beat a hideous racket all the night. The despairing priests pleaded for their treasure, and he promised to surrender the bell if they would make him all the bean porridge he could eat. So they filled him a soup tureen five feet in diameter. Tragic pictures show Benkei in every stage of his crime, and saké cups are sold in triplets to impress his infamy, showing him scrambling wildly up the mountain bearing the big bell, sitting on the height banging the tom-toms, and again delighting in his big porringer.

Another fable claims that the old bell was stolen by the monks of a neighbouring monastery, but to them it gave only the pleading wail, "I want to go back to Miidera," and in wrath and fear the holy thieves flung it

down the slopes, as if it were a thing unclean. We may believe any hard history of a bell which is so full of seams and scars.

An Aged Pine-tree

From woodland we rolled to the highway, flanked by sparkling waters, and by gardens green with rice and barley, golden with mustard, and tangled with red lupin. It was the wheelman's paradise, with a road that stretched like a silvery ribbon, fringed by dark violets, where happy snakes blinked dreamily in graceful coils, or scampered in the crannies of a bridge.

"The pine-tree, the pine-tree, that is the sacred pine," we shouted, for its name and fame are wide in the land, as its size and age are great. Long ago it ceased to have a birthday, but probably for more than a thousand years its green branches have waved in the air. In the sands of a plain beside the lake it stands propped with tender care, loved and worshipped throughout the empire. Stout beams support its aged limbs, and stone columns prop its bending branches. Decaying spots are filled with cement, and a tiny roof forms a protecting watershed to

shield the top from raging storms. The veteran tree is a holy treasure of Japan, and before it is a Shinto shrine, where the pilgrim prays. Whoever doffs the hat to age may stand in reverence before this majestic monarch of the plains, who has reared his head so long in defiance of the ravages of weather and the withering blight of time. Frail man shrivels up before such endurance. The majestic pine has seen the centuries come and go, has witnessed the rise and fall of dynasties, the overthrow of governments, the fluctuations of thought, the advance of civilization, the changes of religion, the fate of war, the destruction of peoples. Amid all the strife the noble tree has quietly, steadily, peacefully grown. Its spreading branches, two hundred and eighty feet in width, tell the lesson of patient, persistent purpose, calm and unmoved amid tempests. Power in repose is the suggestive hint to its admirers.

The guardian of the tea-house spread mattings on the little table, and prepared to serve the guests. Our hotel luncheon was most generous, and I carried a goodly portion to the rikmen in their booth. They returned abundant thanks, and a few moments later gave us a desperate scare, as they came wind-

ing through the bushes. Little does the abrupt and hurried West comprehend the polite and gentle East, which is never too rushed for an overflow of good manners. Often are we overwhelmed and humiliated by the kindly courtesy of the Orient. Too often we are brutally suspicious and cruelly distrustful, when the intent of the native is all goodness. Instantly, as we saw the dish-pan Jehus coming, we of little faith were on the defensive.

"We are here to stay a bit, and to enjoy life. Those base men need not think they can trundle us back this minute," said my chum.

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!"

No such unworthy thought as trundling back had percolated their tiny brains. With their dish-pans in their hands, they were smiling blandly, bowing low and scraping, as they said a friendly "Thank you" for the lunch devoured, while we blushed to think we knew so little of table etiquette that we did not even recognize it when we saw it coming toward us. The traveller might everywhere save himself "heap-lots" worry,

if he did not anticipate the evil which will never come his way.

The Lake Biwa Canal

One commencement day, a college graduate of Tokio set all other graduates a worthy example, as he refused to sweep the fields of oratory with the usual flowery platitudes, and dealt with matters practical, that his erudition might be a blessing to his land. His essay, for the College of Engineering, gave birth to the Lake Biwa Canal, opened in 1890, as an invaluable highway for men and matter. The authorities saw the worth of his idea, and appointed the essayist to execute the scheme. The engineer's right arm became paralyzed while drawing his plans, and he finished them with the left hand. It was a gigantic feat to carry the water up to Kioto by a canal seven miles long, which included three tunnels of a total length of two and a half miles through the very heart of the mountain.

The ticket man was determined to send us off in a private boat, perhaps thinking we might not be pleasing to his countrymen, but we were bent on native ways, and paid sixteen

sen, eight cents each, for a place on the floor of the clumsy scow. This meant travelling first-class, and the natives remonstrated wildly when we made a mistaken tumble into their second-class compartment. Being travelling aristocrats, we must labour to roll over the gunwale, at the prow, and monopolize our own side. They would have nought to do with such high-priced people. The roof was removed to give us room to sit up, and the natives prepared to enjoy us, as they squatted close, giggled and grinned, eyed us tenderly, and remarked our every move. With a rhythmical thud of the oar, we were sculled up-stream, and daylight disappeared as we slipped into the tunnel. A single lantern in the centre of the boat made the near darkness visible. The long passage was of Egyptian blackness, and I peered ahead for any glimmer which might relieve the gloom. A single star gleamed out in the distance. It grew brighter, larger, nearer. Was it daylight? Were we coming to free air and open sky beyond the weighty brick which walled us in beneath strong hills? There came a rush of waters and a sound of turning wheels. A dark object shot past, and the fleeting spark revealed a nude man pacing the boat,

as he pulled the cable which drew it down the incline, in a revolving cradle. The midnight pall settled down again, and we floated on, in the mystery of darkness. The boatman's thud at the stern was the only sound on the still waters.

The nervous woman or the tactless man would be out of place in the dark tunnel, for it is very gruesome. The chum, prone on the floor at my side, was pale and restless, as we swung into the sunshine.

"Are you sick?" she feebly gasped.

"Sick in a cradle, the water is a sheet of glass!" I said, and she answered mildly, "It is many a year since my cradle days, but this thud strikes terror to my head and stomach and racks every nerve in my body."

Indeed it was a test, and the second-class people were moaning and groaning, leaning over the gunwale and offering up their agony.

Shooting the Rapids at Arashiyama

Old Kioto and its numberless suburbs are a ravishing feast for the rover, and one guards well his precious time. We had been told that "the trip to the Rapids is a wicked

waste of precious Kioto time." Much is to be forgiven, if this rash statement should deprive a tourist of one of the fairest outings in the realm. Other adventurers had said, "Do not fail to take it. The scenery repays by its charm, even if the season be dry, and the Rapids tame." Another's experience is never a sure test, as it is the personal factor which must solve every problem.

I was fortunate to make the shoot in time of heavy freshet. "We have had no telegram to warn us, so we know you can get through, but the waters will be very high and dangerous, it will cost you more, and, if you have the time to wait, you would better delay a day," was the advice which decided us to "stand not on the order of our going, but go *at once.*" The following day, the mad waters had abated two feet, and the rousing sport that goes with danger was all lost.

A railway, cutting its course through mountain gorges, carried us to the head waters. Naturally the picked men would be in the first boats, and, plunging from car into riksha, we were rattled over the rocky road to the wharf, where we succumbed to the ways of the Orient and dick-

ered and chaffered in long-drawn Japanese style. Extra men, and rising waters, put a higher price on the boats, and the trip had jumped three yen in value, but who would begrudge the leap in frenzied finance with the promise of sport ahead? For eight yen, fifty, we received a streaky document, blackened from the ink-pot of a priestly manager. We gawkily dragged our skirts over the stockade of the clumsy flat scow. They gave us chairs and mattings to protect against splashes over the gunwale. Seven sturdy natives leaped aboard, and our quartette was off, the first of the fleet, to try its fate in the whirling stream. For a mad hour we were tossed by the torrent, tearing on in our course which was bounded by rocks that formed a channel for the centre. Bright sun and cloudless sky made an ideal day for a country outing. Fluttering birds sang a pean of triumph to the storm that was past. Coppery maples and flowering azaleas blazed in beauty, and clouds of cherry blossoms drifted off on the breeze. Bits of Norway came in view, as we dashed past a forest of towering pine. It was a mad race with the waters.

The trip began with the pretty and the

picturesque, and suggested passive anecdote. The beefy Australian, with a bushwhacker's accent, tenderly told us the cause of the American Revolution. "The colonies refused to send England troops, to aid her in a foreign war, and so the motherland resolved to subdue the naughty children." The speaker was a "formless fairy," but the yarn was a bit too gigantic for modern history.

"Guess you have confused it with the war in Africa. The Boer war was so long-drawn out that you thought it was the same as the American Revolution," said a traveller.

A sweet little English girl saw that there was a misunderstanding of history, and meekly suggested, "There was something about stamps, too, which caused some of the trouble."

"Is that so, something about stamps, to cause a revolution? Do you mean a stampede of the people, or simple postage stamps? Did the rage for collecting exist in those days?" asked the historian.

Scenic delights caused a lull in statistics, till the bushwhacker remarked that "Amer-

icans were wont to go over Niagara Falls in tubs!"

The fat lady from the West here lost her balance, but remarked, "Australia is a bit off the civilized route, if such fairy-tales are credited by its countrymen."

As we slipped into a foaming maelstrom, and eddied and whirled among towering rocks, all sparring ceased, and the fat lady's eyes dropped out on her face and her wide mouth stretched as if to take in a tidal wave. Three men at the prow tugged mightily at the oars, pulling themselves up on the cross-beams and straining at the oarlocks. Two men poled us off, as we swirled in the seething caldron. Men in the stern drove their bamboo rods against the huge boulders. A sharp command, a quick retort, the speedy stroke, the strained eye, proved the desperate effort of the men to keep us from the whirling rapids. Bang! broke the waves, and the scow swung around to a monster rock, and took a shipload of water. Swamping or splitting would soon end our troubles in the wild stream. There would be no reckoning of results by him who was thrown to the mercies of the torrent and banged on the crags below. Mattings were useless against

beetling waves which drenched us with their spray. We were the tossed-about toy of Nature. She would buffet us well, for daring her frenzied mood.

But the oarsmen were crafty, and out of the wild abyss we steered, to catch breath for a few peaceful seconds, while a native swabbed the boat, and we gloried in the distant hills. Then we leaped into another wild chute of seething water, and renewed the fight with the breakers, drifting to the jagged rocks, and whirling in the dizzying rapids. We swung through alive, while the shapeless Australian and the obese Westerner, in a friendship born of the nearness to tragic death, clung to each other in mute despair. Again, they swung apart, in eager effort to ballast the boat. It was an hour of sensations and thrills, filled with experiences which made time seem eternity. Then we moored at the tea-house, picturesquely set among flowers and foliage, which border the wild river.

The Wonderful Wrestlers of Japan

In the days of Bible story came the throngs to the river to be baptized. To-day,

Kioto's river-bed is the wrestler's playground. A thousand natives squatted in the large circle of the thatched tent, which was percolated by a glimmer of sunlight. Foreigners paid extra for uncomfortable chairs, on an inclined plane, a concession to civilization which sent the victim sliding at the most thrilling moment. Wrestlers who had won fame and glory before admiring throngs in the winter bouts at Tokio, came for the May season at Kioto, when the tournament was held by the Athletic Association, whose colours, a royal purple with white crest, draped the central stand. In two opposite corners sat the staid judges, ancient worthies, now passé in the art, who looked coldly on the young aspirants, and longed to give the youngsters many a point, had they not been cruelly shelved from the ring. Outside the other corners were large tubs of water, with long wooden dippers, where adversaries refreshed themselves before the fight. Packages of tissue-paper, hanging above, served as handkerchiefs or towels.

With a sepulchral wail, and the air of an undertaker at a funeral, the ringmaster called the opponents. In dreary monotone he applauded their pugilistic powers, and

A MOST DISTINGUISHED WRESTLER OF JAPAN

from either side sprang a giant, naked, except for a purple loin cloth and a fringe of stiff, silk spikes, which bristled like quills when the battle raged. His hair, gathered to a war-lock at the top, was tied with a cord above which it fluttered an inch, like the ruffled feathers of a fighting cock.

On the stage, each antagonist planted his hands firmly on his knees, stretched to a base like the Colossus of Rhodes, lifted in turn each leg to the highest pitch, and slammed it down with a thud. The extraordinary gesture seemed a weighty threat. Then the men faced each other, squatting on their heels, and glowering into each other's eyes, like a couple of game roosters. After intense seconds of bated breath and desperate scowls, one flew at the other in fury, and, if the other was in no mood for war, the battle was off, and they retired to a corner to spit and drink, to blow the nose and mop themselves down with tissue-paper.

Such was the farcical prelude of the play. Americans would have cried "Go ahead. No muffing. Play ball." But Japanese life is not strenuous, and the patient people had time and to spare, and all this was stage etiquette, which added to the dignity. Fi-

nally the contestants made a grab, and wheeled about in frenzy. A thump in the body and a slap in the face seemed the proper antic, and a desperate dig for the line of fringe despoiled a man of his spikes. If the breech-cloth itself were dislodged, there was a stay of proceedings till the man was properly tied up. As the heroes buffeted and clinched, the ringman capered about like a maniac, giving sharp, staccato notes on two keys, which meant, "Take care, take care, take care," that they should not step out of the ring. The ringman had no fancy that a wrestler should collapse on his hands, and he would call a draw at the most exciting point in the battle, if the combatants seemed winded. To throw the opponent, or push him from the ring, was each man's aim, and in wild moments the two stood clinched in fierce struggle, and neither gained an inch. Their brawny backs, raised in knots of muscle, looked like the roots of gnarled oaks. There were moments of tremendous pose, when the two giants clung moveless, with held breath, neither giving up his grip nor being able to dislodge his man. Then, by a quick and nimble trick, a victim would go spinning over the line,

THE PRELUDE TO A WRESTLING BOUT

or take a tumble into the audience. They were good-natured in defeat and modest in victory, as they strode down the aisles to their dens, while once more the manager waved his wand, and wailed the triumph of the coming heroes.

During four captivating hours we watched these giants of Japan. The lucky rikmen had been hired by the day, they had bowled us five short minutes, and their entrée was paid by their patrons to Japan's great national show. Little brown boys, who were aspiring athletes, bared their hard chests, and spread themselves with pride, to prove their probability of future fame and prowess. For centuries, the profession has been honoured in the empire, and, so soon as a boy develops any aptitude, he is set apart for a trained wrestler. Often the glory of success descends with the ancestral name, and is a goodly heritage and tradition of old families, so that the name is a synonym of renown among the brotherhood. The code of etiquette is most exacting, and details which seem a burlesque to the foreigner are prime essentials in the ring. When we consider the national sport of Spain, loathsome and blood-curdling, revolting to all

decency, we feel that pagan Japan has a simple pastime which ennobles and exalts its people.

Like dessert to a good dinner, the great champions were reserved for the finals, and number three advanced for his test. He was a moving mountain of adipose, tipping the scales at 365 pounds, and we wondered how such a mass of fat could show agility. His girdle measured two yards, and he could not see far enough over himself to sight the silk fringe below the welts of fat that rolled about his belt. His opponent was little, quick, and wiry, a muscular pigmy, beside this giant. We wondered how in the name of all Japanese gymnastics, Fatty could reach over his ponderous self and find the fellow. It seemed a case of the elephant and the flea. The dwarf walked around the perambulating mountain, sized him up, as if to say, "What am I up against?" and decided to buck up against the monster. Fatty simply shoved his great self against the little chap and pushed him off the stage.

The second champion weighed 280 pounds, and quickly disposed of his victim. The first champion towered like Goliath, six feet seven inches in the air, and by a few speedy

strokes tucked his daring opponent under his arm. The people thundered their applause, as the name and fame of these conquerors were wide in the land. All Japan knows and honours the great champions, who throw their fellow men. The wrestlers are supported partly by gate receipts, and especially by patrons, who are very generous to their favourites. The natural result follows, and the wrestlers have no pride about begging. If an athlete spots a friend among the spectators he is very sure to "touch" him, and quickly our little guide dodged his "friend," the wrestler, that he might retain his purse.

With wails and moans of high falsetto, the annunciator declared the next day's entries. The harrowing howls awed the native audience, and we waited for the climax, promised in the "apron procession." To the novice, a line of fat men and tall men, richly gowned in aprons *only,* is a unique sight, especially when nothing but cords and tassels dangle in the back. The men approached the stage from two opposite lines, wearing apron fronts of glorious colour, rich brown, brilliant red, deep green, old gold. There were magnificent shades and borders,

fringe, cord, and tassels of dazzling gold. Many a gorgeous apron was woven with a thousand dollars' worth of bullion, to give this golden shimmer. The fat old lady from the East promptly dubbed them "portières," and added, "Such a pity, that the portières could not hang all around." But, though each frontispiece had cost a fortune, there were greedy people who did not have enough. The wrestlers bowed low, on the stage, to their admiring friends, and they did look a trifle queer to the stranger, as they stalked back to their lairs, clad in a front rainbow and a wave of gold embroidery, with a little stick fringe to cover the nude simplicity of the rear. As Fatty waddled away, gorgeous cords and tassels rolled about to find a resting-place on his ridges of pork, and I wondered how a man of his proportions could raise muscle enough, enmeshed in the fat, to proclaim himself an athlete, since our notion of that character is anti-fat and sinewy frame.

A WRESTLER IN HIS STATE APRON

CHAPTER IV

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY

Economic Travel

EVERYBODY was in line and nobody missing, bootblacks, waiters, porters, a solid phalanx, waited for a fee as I left the beautiful Kioto hotel. The creature who had been least in evidence was pushed to the front and introduced as "Your bath-boy, madam," but my hand was already in my pocket for his profit, and showers of blessings followed my showering coin, as I rolled away. How I wished myself a grand duchess, to scatter bountifully of my largess, for when it requires so little to make the humble happy, one ought to give that little freely.

I was in Japan to see and not shirk, to enjoy the natives and to know their ways, therefore I abjured the first-class wagon. Exclusive Americans travelled thus, and I

had not come to Japan to study them, so I booked with the humbler people, third class, because there was not any fourth, and I was with the rank and file of the country. It was always smoky, and generally crowded, and the seats were hard and narrow, but here was life, and it was not bad, and I decidedly liked it. Fat babies from over their mammas' shoulders grinned and cooed, and tugged at my plumes; perhaps my next neighbour threw back his kimono and scratched his bare leg, far above the knee, but it seemed so natural, when the leg needed scratching, that I did not object.

An Attempted Theft

The successful traveller aims to adapt himself to the ways of the country, and I only questioned them, when a suave chap in long sleeves tried to relieve me of my watch. Even the delights of Japan might end in robbery, as in other lands. He leaned across, to get the view, and incidentally, the watch, for I felt a sharp tugging at my belt. I grabbed for the chain and lifted his hand directly from the guard. He gazed on me with superb coolness, then stared into space

with the abstraction of a Buddhist priest; but already he had cut a strand in the chain, and a little lighter touch would have separated the watch and its owner for ever. Ten years ago, a watch was almost unknown to the native, but now every man and many a woman carries a ticker within the obi, often enshrined in a chamois bag.

Native Manners on the Railway

Second class was softer for the hard trip of sixteen hours between Kioto and Yokohama, and the centre aisle had a long seat on each side, like a tram. Only elegant and wealthy Japs could travel so, and to watch them was a pleasure. Such profusion of politeness in parting! Each friend doubled up at right angles, and watched the other from the tail of his eye, to see if the vis-à-vis continued to bend. They flopped again and again, doing the jackknife act a half-dozen times, resting the hands on the knees, and bathed in sweet smiles, as they poured out a sequence of compliments and good wishes.

One dear old couple filled the aisle in these double-up antics and chattered their

blessings as they blocked the way, and all travel was suspended, till the ankle-deep bows were ended. When her little man disappeared for a time, the old lady stretched full length and fell asleep. When he found his domain thus preëmpted and populated, and his rights infringed, he looked dismayed and scratched his head. There were three ways out of the trouble. He could take the vacant seat opposite, put his luggage on the floor, or wake the little lady. The last course best became his dignity, so he pulled her leg, pinched her feet, and tickled her toes to signify his presence. She opened her sleepy little eyes, realized the wrong she had done, drew herself up close like a bundle of cramps, and the loving couple settled down in content.

They all carried handsome rugs to protect the kimonos, and often they first spread a newspaper to protect the rug. They were beautifully gowned, and many boasted a shining solitaire. Two crested ladies in soft silk underdress wore dark cloth over kimonos. They fished in the depths for pipe and tobacco, and tugged serenely at the three little puffs which the pipe held. Then pat, pat, pat, they knocked out the ashes. Next

they tried the musical mysteries of a mouth-piece. There was a prolonged upper note, with a sudden jerk, and the instrument was switched to the other end of the mouth. I smiled in sympathy with the operatic effect, and the ladies giggled and fell on each other's necks in weighty embarrassment.

For hours little women knelt at the window, intent on the fleeting landscape, and others curled their feet on the seat, and dropped their tired heads on their arms. Rows of wooden clogs ran down the aisle. The semi-European, wrapped in a rig of all nations, doffed his foreign shoes, and doubled up, *au naturel.*

A loving couple, done up in one rug, slept soundly, feet to feet. When he decided to change his kimono, he waked up his wife. She dreamily dove in the carpet-bag, where numerous lovely gowns were stored, and he did himself up like a mummy in a fourth layer of elegance. She passed him an air-pillow, in dainty silk cover. He returned it, and I wondered what was the matter with the wind-bag. Air was lacking. She blew it up and returned it. His lordship condescended to put it under his head and fall asleep. Her service was not sad nor perfunc-

tory. She cared for him as if he was her infant. This was why she existed. It was all part of the legal compact called marriage, which may be broken at any time, by either party who is tired of the contract.

The car was soon strewn with beer bottles, milk bottles, and various débris, and hourly a boy with a scratchy broom gave a sweep-up, as the cuspidors spilled over with burnt matches, cigarette stumps, and ashes. Expectorating was all done from the car window.

Chow was bought at the stations, in wooden boxes of rice, squid, beans, cold potato, everything dear to the native palate. Rows of teapots ran down the car, and venders were strapped with trays of earthen teapots and cups, and the travellers indulged in the native beverage, and giggled delightedly in relating funny yarns. Rivers of left-over tea ran the length of the car, and the teapots danced a merry jig.

One man had brought a gargling apparatus, and regularly knelt at the window to rinse his mouth and squirt a mighty stream at the surrounding country, where coolies stood knee-deep in water, turning up rich mud and slime. Every foot of ground was utilized in

the wee patches, square, oblong, triangular, crescent, which fitted into the space. Rice and barley were plentiful, and beyond the low-lying farms were thatched huts, which grew roofs of grass. The valleys were walled by towering hills of maples, pines, and cherries.

A Vain Attempt to "Hustle the East"

A Japanese train never runs, and three hours of slow trot landed us at Nagoya, memorable for my first and last attempt at American rush. "Make the rikman hurry. I have a date, and can't wait here all day," I said, impatiently. The boss blazed like a fiery dragon. "Vell, you get so mad, you no can wait for dis, you go fine nodder riksha," and I answered meekly: "Dear friend, you do not know me. I am not the least bit mad. This is only a gentle American hustle. If you want me to be real mad, I will show you the difference." "Vell, you vas almos' mad," he insisted. "You seem jus' like mad when you say, 'No can wait, mus' have riksha quick, hurry up.'" I learned my lesson and I always waited, for it was useless "to hustle the East."

passed them on the chop-sticks. He poured me saké, but, alas! it was hot, and cold saké is so delicious! They brought a long bottle and deep glasses. I thought it was champagne, and greedily accepted. Buncoed again! It was only native beer! I drank, and when my *vis-à-vis* asked for the glass, as I was not up on etiquette, I thought it was to be refilled. Promptly I passed it, without draining. Terrible *faux pas!* My host looked sadly in the depths, consulted a neighbour, filled and drank, and drained the last drop into the waste bowl, refilled, and passed me the foaming cup. That was friendship, that was form, to drink from the same glass.

Would I like music and the dance? He touched the strings of the koto, and pointed to the geishas. Old music women mounted the stage and touched off minor notes of their instruments, and the girls whirled about like gaudy butterflies, fluttered their fans, and stamped their feet, and waved their wings in airy revolutions. This was high art, and rounds of applause went up from the club.

A dark-robed maid pinched my arm and pulled my sleeve to tell me to go home. Amid a shower of bows, I dragged myself

from the floor, and was set on a mat in a dark room below, and given more tea and cake, as they seemed to think there was no limit to my eating capacity. I devoutly kneeled, scraped my head on the floor, and bowed myself away, wondering where there was a club in America which would so cordially have received a Japanese woman who blundered into its private picnic on an annual festival.

A Night in a Wayside Inn

At night I landed alone at a hamlet where there was no word of English. A coolie carried my bag a few feet, slung it to another, and demanded his fee. "Oh, no, carry all way. I no pay now, pay at hotel," I said. He understood, sheepishly grinned, and picked up the bag.

At the threshold of the inn the entire family pounced upon me for my shoe leather. It was a clear case of "pulling the leg." I was fast being distorted and disjointed, so I indicated that I would do my own undressing. The shoes were hidden away, and I pattered down the hall to the most remarkable hotel room, for emptiness and cleanli-

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ness, which I had ever entered. It contained absolutely nothing but the spotless white matting on the floor. As a concession to my foreign ways, they brought a chair and table.

I proceeded to my usual method of indicating famine, by placing one hand on my stomach and the other on my mouth. Here was a case where ordinary "signs and omens" failed. They took the feat as dramatic attitudinizing, and doubled up with mirth. Then I tried high art, and cackled like a hen, I thought. They did not recognize the barn-yard note, and fell into more merriment. I felt very much like a continuous vaudeville, but made another venture, this time in the realm of objective art, and drew a hen, as I supposed, with eggs, as these seemed simple, natural food in the country. But they did not recognize the bird, and indulged in more convulsions. Certainly the professional clown never extracted more spontaneous applause from his admiring audience. At last I hit upon the word "omelet." They knew its meaning, and they flew off to save my life. In a moment the procession pattered back, waving a plate and chop-sticks, with a slippery,

IN THE HEART OF OLD JAPAN

semi-fluid, semi-liquid concoction, which they proceeded to watch me eat. I could not wiggle the sticks, and the omelet was fast running away from itself. I thought I must drink it, when there was a voluble discussion, and the procession ran off, to return brandishing a soup-spoon, evidently left by a foreigner. So I spooned away my omelet, while the little girls leaned their elbows on the table and discussed my finery.

Then I attempted to indicate fatigue. "Tired, sleepy," I said, as I laid my face in my hands and drew long breaths. This was a simpler proposition, and they dragged in the heavy futans, spangled with peacocks and gold thread. They said a gentle "sayonara," and pattered away, leaving me alone with the bedquilts. In this sequestered corner, queerly enough, there were electric lights and bells. The partitions were sliding screens of rice-paper, naturally without lock or key, and about a third way up from the floor ran a transparent pane, so that the occupant was clearly visible to any one passing. I placed my letter of credit under my pillow, and the dirk which I had bought on Teapot Hill, resolved that whoever sought the letter would get the dirk first!

Not a wink of sleep was in store for the foreigner. Across the way, the natives were giving a grand dinner, and "there was the sound of revelry by night," as the little nesans pattered to and fro with trays of saké, fish, and rice, and "the fun grew fast and furious" as the night wore on. The sea dashed on the beach below, and the rats scampered and raced in the ceiling. Every hour the old watchman slippered through the house with his lantern, and gazed guardedly at my transparent pane. Every time he came I expected to be robbed and murdered and thrown into the sounding sea, and every time he left I was safer than before. With the late trains came new arrivals, with sliding of screens, scuffling of feet, and sound of voices.

Toward morn, I sat upright in bed, rubbing my eyes. Was it nightmare, or was it reality that carried me back to childhood's day and to Sunday-school hours? It was reality, and I was sane. The notes of a wheezy, squeaky accordion piped out on the air the strong, familiar strain, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." "Would you were nearer to God, and farther from me," was my first thought. They followed the tune with that

other placid hymn, "He Leadeth Me, O Blessed Thought," and, although the musical natives probably associated no thought with the notes, murder and robbery seemed farther away as the stranger listened to the sacred concert. Before morning sharp dyspepsia followed on the heels of the nocturnal orgy, and the feasters emitted grunts and groans, while one rioter made a dreamy attack on his neighbour, which the victim evidently resented, and the chorus of wails suggested Welsh rarebit at the banquet board. Before daylight they were all volubly discussing the party, while the midgets ran away with the rolls of quilts. As I trundled back my screens, the neighbours across the way were dramatically waving their angel sleeves, flourishing their towels, and brandishing tooth-brushes. There was no water in the bare room, and every one washed at the public sink in the hall, an immaculate wooden trough, with a brass basin polished to the reflection of a mirror. A stack of brushes shredded to fibres at the end were used as ear swabs by the cleanly natives. It was at this point in her toilet that a prim maiden school-teacher from U. S. A. felt a shadow steal up to her side, and turned

to find a gentle Japanese clad simply in a placid smile, waiting patiently for his chance to bathe. The lady was unused to the nude simplicity of the Orient, and ran shrieking to her room, leaving the bewildered man to cogitate on her unseemly haste.

I pattered back and spooned away another omelet, as that was the one word we had in common, and I scuffled to the office to pay my bill and scatter a few shekels, which were received with an abandonment of mirth, as the recipients again doubled up in convulsions. This was a truly native inn, where the people were unspoiled by the tourist, and they had not learned the meaning of a fee. They could not restrain their amusement, but all had been courteous and kindly. I alone had thought of robbery and murder. The steel of my dirk glittered with shame as it slipped into the sheath.

Miyanoshita, among the Mountains

Sturdy pushman and pullman bowled me through the forest and among mountain passes. Tumbling waters tore madly down the steeps of clean-cut gorges and deep divides. Cascades, cataracts, waterfalls, tore

away in a triumph of joy. The birds in the thicket poured forth such floods of delirious music that the butterflies stopped in their chase to listen.

The riksha climbed up and up, to beautiful Miyanoshita, in the heart of a hot spring region, which is the fashionable resort for foreign gentry, where the embassies make a popular outing. Fugiya Hotel is famed as being the loveliest house in all Japan. It is faultlessly clean, and its service is entirely by little nesans, who flit about in the brightest gowns, and seem like gay bouquets flashing in our midst. Usually the hotel service in Japan is by boys, though one sometimes finds a mixture of the sexes. The proprietor's daughter had passed five years in the French convent of Tokio, and was at home with three languages. She stowed me away in the daintiest den, and coddled me tenderly. "I will send up toast and tea, then you can have a bath, and go to bed at once," she said, and it was hard to persuade her that I had not come so far for a midday nap. The shiny wooden well of the bath boasted three faucets and a shower, and dust and fatigue were soon rubbed away.

Below the green slopes of the cleanly

hotel the street was lined with miniature shops of toys and furs and curios. I dragged lofty brass candlesticks from Matsuzawa's hoard of helmets, swords, and ivory carvings. Kitai told with naïveté the history of his English. Five years before he had begun the struggle, and every night for a year he had been at the Tokio mission with a hundred other boys for reading, writing, and conversation. Amazingly good was his English, given with the universal testimony, "learned at the mission." Here at least was a *raison d'être* for the missions, to teach English and to civilize. It had a commercial value for the nation, even though the missions did not convert and proselyte.

The Natives' Love for Children

When a little shopman mentioned his wife, I asked for the children, and learned the whole family history. "Me no haf got chillen, me want very much. My wife no could haf. She been very sick, she go hospital, Tokio, haf operation, now she much better, she get very strong, me hope haf chillen very soon." I suggested that children were a care and trouble, that his wife might

not like the bother, and he said in sweet astonishment: "My wife, she no tink much trouble, she very much want little baby, she tink little chillen very nice," and the speech revealed two points in Japanese character, — the childlike simplicity, by which the native speaks most readily of all things natural, and the love and longing for the little one in every humble home, where the baby is tenderly anticipated and warmly welcomed.

Lake Hakone

The trip to Lake Hakone is the tourist's delight and I was swung aloft in a wicker chair, with high back, broad arms, rest-basket for the feet, attached to bamboo poles, and borne on the shoulders of four natives. Up the narrow foot-path, down the steep descent they plodded, keeping time with a steady step and frequent grunt. Each thud and jounce struck home to my stomach, as the lofty chariot swayed. "An ocean swell and a seasick voyage," I thought. "Cuish," they all sang, as a signal to swing me to the other shoulder. From the thick of the steep forest they marched to the open sweep of valleys green. Half-hidden in the brush-

wood was a dignified Buddha, carved in the solid rock. Centuries ago the chisel of Kobe Daisha cut the rock, and in majestic dignity the god has guarded the plain and watched for the coming tourist. He recalled Thorwaldsen's lion, but the pagan god of all wisdom and truth was a greater wonder, carved in the Nippon plain.

Three hours of swinging and repeated calls of "cuish" brought me to the shore of Lake Hakone, where the noonday meal was in order. It seemed an insult to the snowy heights beyond. But mundane pangs called me down from the state of exaltation, and I ate beneath the dazzling cone of sacred Fuji, which only in recent years has suffered the polluting step of woman. The novice may confuse mountain peaks and ridges, but no one can mistake Fuji, rising solitary in its snowy purity to stand in solemn grandeur the monarch of the country. Dear to every native heart is this holy height. Never did imaginative Greek turn to Olympus a more adoring love than these little people offer at this sacred shrine. Many a weary pilgrimage brings them here to worship, since poesy and sentiment are traits

deep-rooted with religion in the Nippon nature.

While the sampan bore me across the water, the tired coolies fell asleep, curled up on the floor. A shivering creature with plastered legs was wrapped up in a matting. "Velly, velly col'," said his chum, as he cowered in scant raiment before the cutting wind. He speedily snored away his troubles when I passed him an extra wrap. "Small money, saké," cried the boatman, taking his tariff. Saké is to the coolie what *pourboire* is to the French *cocher,* or *macaroni* is to the Neapolitan, and he gratefully bowed his thanks.

The Hot Springs of Ubago

Among nature's wildest freaks, the bearers bore me to the hot springs of the hamlet of Ubago, where barrels of water were tumbling into the tanks of the little bath-house sunk in the hillside. Girls and boys, old men and women, merry maids and jolly youths, flopped and splashed and scrubbed with delight. There were three in one tub, nine in the next, and eleven in the third by actual count. And their clothes were skin

tight, and had never been changed since the day the folks were born. Yet there were no tears nor rents, for not a shred did they wear to cover Mother Nature's birthday dress, with which they entered the world! Simple children these, as happy, if not as innocent, as those in Paradise before the fall.

We plunged through a forest to enter "Great Hell," where nature once made a mighty powwow, and where she threatens, by sight and sound, again to hold high carnival. A wild waste of rock is spread over the broad region. Volcanic action has hurled huge boulders and tossed other stones to fragments. Angry forces seething, raging under the earth's crust, still struggle to escape their gloomy prison. Sulphurous fumes rise in clouds from multitudinous fissures. Warm lava smokes at the mouths, and a roar from below comes up like the boom of artillery. Fighting forces will yet tear the surface open and vomit forth the entrails of the earth.

Only Shank's mare can travel on the slopes of "Great Hell," and I left the chariot, to creep along the rocky ledges and stumble among rolling stones. I crossed the sulphurous streams on stepping-stones, and clung to

the faithful coolie, as I dangled over the abyss. Better was the swinging chair than the steep climb and dizzying descent, and with joy I swung again to the coolies' shoulders. Thatched homes and gardens contrasted tenderly with the gloomy region of extinct volcano. Green were the fields and the distant range compared with the wild and desert waste. But first among the panoramic views of that changeful day will stand for ever the dazzling purity of that clear-cut cone of snowy Fuji, sacred mountain of the Nipponese.

CHAPTER V

A NATIONAL RITE

Nikko in the June Celebration

"SEE Nikko and die" is the motto of the native, and the tourists swarm to this famed beauty-spot for the two days of celebration, when the spirit of the great Shogun is conveyed from one tomb to the other. I alighted in a downpour of rain, and was greeted by the bland man of the hotel, who was full of apologies, as if quite responsible for Dame Nature's freaks.

"I am varee sorry eet eez so wat," he said so pitifully that I cheerily asked if it *always* rained in beautiful Nikko.

"Not afry day," he said in a tone which left little room for hope, "and it nafer rains on the procession," he added. Evidently the heavens themselves paid respect to the great Shogun.

When I arrived at the hotel, the host called me by name, as if I were the one person on earth whom he hoped to see, and a score of kindly lads and lassies gathered at the riksha and attacked my luggage. The little town was shut in by a wall of high peaks, and the clouds hung like blankets on the mountains.

A great event was coming, one sacred throughout the empire, and famed even to the foreigner, and everybody would arrive who could possibly scurry to these hills from any corner of the pretty island. Great preparations were in progress and the hotel was thronged with guests. June 1st and 2d are wonderful days for Nikko, and geisha girls, jig-steps, and fireworks were in order for the first day, which chanced to be Sunday, and which dawned fair amid much rejoicing, while the workmen's hammers banged upon the grand stand, which was still unfinished when the show began.

I was bargaining at a curio store for a pair of lofty candlesticks, when a dozen geishas, painted and powdered, rolled up the street. I raced with the riks, lest something should be missed, and we all just escaped the sharp shower that came scudding from

the mountains. "Hard on the geishas," said a sympathetic flirt, but their stage was roofed with oiled paper, and they had little discomfort.

All the village was behind the bamboo railing that shut off the humble from those of high degree, yet did not prevent these poorer children of the streets from seeing the wonders of the stage. A wee gamin toddled under the bars to the front, in wide-eyed, open-mouthed admiration of the sirens who floated waves of colour above his head. The unabashed joy of the urchin, till corralled by his mother, was the amusement of the crowd. Drum and flute, kato and samisen, performed to the graceful sweep of geisha gowns.

Lavish Entertainment of Guests

Mr. Arai was the misfit name of our host, an incongruous sobriquet for a little man always in order. He was anything but awry, as he pirouetted about the diner in patent leathers and evening suit. He had made the hall a scene of beauty, by bringing birds and flowers from the woods. A floral scheme of ferns and azaleas enlivened the tables, and

a dainty boutonnière peeped from each plate. From soup to nuts, the delicacies in season and out of season rejoiced the epicure. Fastidious folks purloined the menu that they might send to fearful friends at home the proof that they were not starving in the wilderness.

By night the artistic grounds were a gleam of fairy splendour. Coy lights below rivalled the glittering stars above. Soft rays from gay lanterns shot among the shrubs, and lights hung from rustic arbours and edged the miniature lake. The villagers leaned on the barriers to indulge in the joys of Eden. Fireworks are the delight of the native, and pinwheels whizzed, fiery serpents squirmed and hissed in the grass, rockets shot high in air, and the children shot admiring "oh's." Guests wrapped in blankets, like moving mummies patrolled the veranda, fighting the sharp mountain air. Stage curtains caught on the ropes or flapped in the wind, and footlights blew themselves out in the darkness at the most thrilling point of the play. The variety of the vaudeville appealed to the gallery gods. Rowdies and highwaymen in ragtag toggery played high jinks with swords that flashed as if in deadly earnest.

Baggy breeches and cloudy turbans gave dramatic effect to their flashing sabres. Wee children under thatched hats of ragged fringe performed like little baboons. Pantomime repeated the old, old story of the "Suitor Sought," and it was a burning question of two to one, as each coy maiden played up to the vacillating lover, who appeared a brilliant rose between two pricking thorns. The audience never knew which persistent maid had captured the booty, so much was left to the imagination.

While love or robbery held the stage, geisha girls royally flirted with every available American. "Every one of them is a born flirt, a natural coquette," said a man who was offering himself in proof of his theory. The morale of the girl has been so generally discussed and denounced that every man goes to Japan with intent to know the geisha, and he is morally responsible for much of the social sin which the Japanese girl shoulders. He assails her with wiles and smiles and flattery till her empty head is turned, and he takes liberties that no gentleman, no decent man, could use in any other land, — and the most modest miss becomes an artful flirt.

The Great Procession of the Shoguns' Spirits

Day dawned in glory, and tourists and pilgrims were zealous to witness the transfer of the spirits of great Ieyasu, of the warrior Hideyoshi, and of the noble Iemitsu, with all their sacred paraphernalia, to another temple. Villagers decked in gay finery joined the holy priesthood in the annual march, and the jolly crowds at the vantage-grounds chosen by the hotels gave little idea that the ceremony was solemn. Guests, an hour in advance, were refreshed with ice-cream, ever dear to the American, and assembled villagers and countrymen crowded to the ropes for a view of the wondering foreigners. Blind children groped their way with staves in a wistful, hungry search for the joys that were shut out of their lives.

A congestion in travel caused the miniature policeman to enforce authority among the gaping crowds. He had not the bigness of the English police, but he carried discipline with him. He especially cleared the way for the hotel people, and, with the instinctive courtesy of the native, the grand patriarch of the hotel floated to the scene and bowed deep, with the dignity of his ances-

tors, and worthy of the departed spirits, before the little officer. A kindness never goes unnoticed in Japan.

The spectators had little of general intelligence to spare. Just why we had come, and what we should see, nobody knew; but all comprehended that it was Nikko's famed fête, and a noted Shinto rite.

The click of the camera caught the pageant as it swept through the shade of the kingly forest, among those grand old cryptomaria that for scores of years had looked in stately dignity on the priest, the peasant, and the stranger. On came the advance-guard of one hundred and fifty white-robed saints, tearing over the road like a pack of howling maniacs, dragging the sacred trees with noise and rush.

Then came the tramping lancers, with their long, sharp halberds, followed by the "Great Divine," a most holy personage who bore among his titles the name of "Commander of the Procession." As clown in a country circus he would have been the terror of the children, with his terrible red-skinned mask and bulbous nose. After him came six little men, with broomstick legs escaping from gilded drapery, who wore hideous

BANNER BEARERS

BANNER BEARERS

SNAP SHOTS OF THE PROCESSION

male and female lion masks, while their human features strained for breath between the lion jaws. The musicians raised a frightful racket, but eight dainty priestesses, or Shinto dancing girls, were a picturesque bit of beauty in flowing sleeves of white and divided skirts of red. What wheeling they would have done, perched on a modern Rambler! The mounted priesthood did not ride as to the manor born, and the sacred ponies were not blue-blooded. The irreverent youngster from America did not care if they were in a sacred procession. His nature was more sporty than holy, and he promptly dubbed the gawky creatures "Graveyard, Tombstone, Rattlebones."

The clank of metal plates inspired more respect for gunners, spearmen, archers, and soldiers in armour. The giant guns were heavy, and the terrible long bows loomed much taller than their bearers. Two hundred men formed the military force, contrasting with a dozen tiny priests, the acolytes of the Shinto service, crowned with bright flower-caps. Fifty masked men, of every terrible sort, followed, and then came stately priests carrying tall banners tipped with fans. A mounted bearer of the sacred

sword was surrounded by his holy body-guard, and emblems of the temple were in the procession, — the flag, lances, and drum, which sounded its harsh tattoo for the spirit of the dead; nor was the big bell missing. "A motley array of temple trumpery," said the critic, but he had nothing to say in presence of the thirty monkey-boys, rigged up to represent our simian ancestors. Then came the trainers, with the sacred monkey who did not like holy processions, and hid his face in the folds of his master's gown, as if blushing for all of his descendants.

Though the Shinto priests may not be followers of Darwin, the tricky quadruped is an important feature in Nikko's history. His fame is wide throughout Japan, and, though he does not run wild in the woods, nor hurl sticks on the coming tourist, as many anticipate, he is a holy symbol, carved in three attitudes on the sacred stable dedicated to the great Ieyasu, where he piously shuts his ears and eyes and mouth to evil. He is Nikko's holy trade-mark, on box and tray and table, in group of polished ivory, bidding the harsh censor, "Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil," and I wondered how

CARVED MONKEYS ON THE SACRED STABLE AT NIKKO

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

thoroughly the modern Christian world would learn the pagan's lesson.

Behind the shamefaced quadruped came humbler priests, musicians, and types of old nobility in costumes of gaudy colour and of quaint design. White robes and conical black hats, green coats and blue breeches, fantastic colours, mingled in the outfit, till it seemed as if phantoms of an old museum were marching by. There were all the grandeur and austerity of the old Shogun, wrapped in crested garments and waving his glittering wand.

Behind the nobles came the falconers, proud of the birds resting on their masters' wrists, as they blinked in the sun, longing to break their chains and fly to the deep forest.

The motley panorama was an unintelligible composite to the stranger, but the glory of it all was the "Gohei," or divine spirit, a holy paper of dazzling gilt, radiant as with heavenly glory. It is the yearly offering of the emperor, who is himself divine, and it is sent the day preceding the procession. Without its presence there could be no celebration. Three times it appeared as a guardian to each of the three shrines, but it re-

ceived not a fraction of the honour which fell to the shrines themselves.

We had heard the verdict, "Every person will stand, and the men will bare their heads when the great shrine comes in sight." It approached, as the wildest, maddest, merriest sight a waiting throng could ever wish to see. It might be a bacchanalian orgy, or the frantic antics of ungoverned maniacs. Waves of noise rolled up from the throats of the bearers as they staggered and reeled under the weight of their shrine. If the spirit of the great Ieyasu was within, it was terribly tumbled and tossed in its slumbers! His was a ponderous spirit, to judge from the struggles of its bearers. Fifty white-clad priests and forty guards bore the treasure, resting on long beams. It was brilliant with rich trimmings of red lacquer and gold, yet the crowds gave it but secondary thought. Attention centred in the shrieking men who bore the burden. They bent beneath it, they reeled and staggered, till we thought the giant thing would topple down and crush its victims. The affrighted crowds fell back, not wishing to feel the weight of Ieyasu in his shrine. As the priests gasped for air, the attendants fanned them desperately, and

THE SACRED SHRINE

SPEARMEN

SNAP SHOTS OF THE PROCESSION

rivers of perspiration rolled from their swarthy faces. With a wild effort and a mighty stride, they dragged on, and shortly made another halt.

Thus was the perilous journey made from the permanent home of the illustrious spirit to the neighbouring temple, where it should make a brief sojourn. At night, with the same weary effort and barbaric display, it returned to its usual resting-place, to wait another year. Strangers from all quarters of the earth, and natives from every corner of the island, had gathered for this wild pageant, which was eighteen minutes in passing. It was a mystery to the many, who could no more realize the glory of Nikko's shrine to the Japanese than they can understand the sacredness of the tomb in distant Mecca to the faithful Arab. The crowds soon scattered, and left the tall cryptomeria towering like sentinels beside the Shoguns resting on the hillsides.

The Mountain Road to Fair Chuzenji

Sunshine is so rare at Nikko that the tourists resolved at once upon the visit to Chuzenji, renowned upon the heights, and every

rik was in demand. One lady fainted as she twisted an ankle on entering, and the rikman naïvely explained the accident that "She died, but did come back again." Evidently it was to him a resurrection scene.

Bravely they bowled us beside the rushing waters, where the famed array of Buddhas never adds up twice the same. "There are certainly two thousand," exclaimed the novice. But at least there were two hundred gods grinning by the roadside with folded hands and placid smile and look of supernal wisdom, as if to say of passing tourists, "What fools these mortals be!" Moss and lichens drape their saintly forms, and, though the head of a deity may have rolled in the mud, his staunch figure retains its stately pose. Years ago, the patriarch of the gods rode down-stream in a washout, whirling among the boiling eddies, but he landed right side up at the next village, where to-day he wears a red bib, and is worshipped for his triumphal journey by the passing peasants. Deep in the crevice of a river boulder sits the last scion of this long and illustrious line, dashed by the foam of the hurrying stream. Kobe Daisha, saint and sculptor coeval with famed Charle-

THE APPROACH OF THE SACRED SHRINES

magne in Europe, carved, in the rough rock, this miracle beyond the reach of mortals.

Eight miles of stiff mountain road ran beside the racing river, or deep in the heart of the woods. There was hard scrambling for pushman and pullman, but no moan or murmur escaped them. They passed each rough spot with a laugh of triumph. They were reënforced with many sandals, and the road was paved with these relics of the runners, as they pulled on one new pair after another, and left the worn one in shreds by the road. The men knew every foot of the way, and flashed back a sunny smile for every appreciative word of the patron.

We ran through acres of bamboo grass, where young shoots striped in green and white threw a spring carpet in the azalea woods, whose bright flowers made rainbows in the air from trunks that were thirty feet high. It was the ideal June day of the poet, when every tree is new-gowned and the birds chant their pæan of praise. The crows had a joyous caw, and the mocking-bird's note rose above the rushing stream, like first tenor of a feathered choir. "Waterfall, waterfall," cried the men, as they urged us to a tramp in the woods, where a glory of

water leaped the rocks and tumbled in tumult, to catch itself in a pool, where it eddied and whirled, then fell over rocks in a rainbow mist.

Four hours the riksha rattled up-hill to halt at the hotel on the shore of Lake Chuzenji. Brilliant stalks of azalea lined the rooms, and it seemed a wanton destruction of innocent foliage, but, "We can't kill them. We stick a shoot in the ground, and it springs to a tree," said the proprietor. The lake was heavily stocked, and fishermen threw their weighted nets from opposite sides of the outlet, as they saw the victims enter the pass. The loud splash on the water scared off the other fish, but the natives had the patience which brings success, and waited till the last cast of the twine was forgotten.

Beautiful Chuzenji makes one fear that it may become gay and fashionable, and therefore spoiled. It is at present a restful resort, and the foreign legations delight in its beauty during the long, hard heat of midsummer. Early days make it idyllic for the invalid and tourist.

In the midst of all the natural beauty, near to calm lake and radiant flowers, the forest sheltered tragic despair. With his obi at-

tached to his neck and to a bough, a young man, with a few sen in his pocket, had swung himself into eternity. No one knew if sickness and starvation, or a loveless and a lonely life, had driven him to death. He was found by a passing woodman who finished his work before making a report, and still the man hung till police could come from distant Nikko.

Death has no fears for the native, and he steps bravely across the great divide. The simple people of the interior have few needs, yet suicide is no uncommon event. It is always preferable to slow starvation, and, since rice and every necessity have risen in price, the poor have known the misery of hunger. The old code made death the honourable end to misery, and a man disgraced looked upon death as duty. By ending the struggle, he got even with defeat, or cheated further trouble, and wiped out the shame of misfortune.

Eight more miles of stiff climbing bear the traveller through late cherry blossoms, rhododendrons, and azaleas, that keep the forest alive with beauty. Above towered the snowy height of holy Nantaizan, ascended by ten thousand pilgrims every summer. Only re-

cently has the foot of woman been allowed to tread its holy way, and she must still skirt around the sacred portal, through which the stern priest forbids her passage. The jolly sea-captain, who returned with accumulated wisdom and saintliness from the stiff climb of four thousand feet, told of the mysteries performed on him at the base, of prayers and blessings, and the brushing of holy papers about his weather-stained brow, ere he was allowed to ascend.

Fifty feet wide, three hundred feet long, a wondrous water-slide slipped down its smooth incline, gathering power and beauty as it rolled in its glassy bed. Never, in all my roamings, had I found any whim of nature to equal this. Below was a rocky isle, hung with trees and fringed with flowers. It cut the rolling stream, but the divided waters slipped again into the sunlight and chattered on the rocks below.

On the Heights of Yumoto

Above Chuzenji rests Yumoto, a miniature lake, where the air is rank with sulphur, suggesting the Inferno. Hot springs well from the ground, and bath-houses vomit steam.

The steaming liquid is famous for cures, but the unwary tourist is often parboiled in its terrible heat, and, if he awkwardly loosens the spigot, in frantic efforts to cool off, the hissing vapours flood the tank, and remind him of the horrors of a sulphurous future. Even the natives, who are heroic in the baths, cool the waters of Yumoto.

Shaven heads bobbed in the tanks, and dusky forms in nude simplicity marched down a plank. I had long ceased to call such sights indecent, but, with a bit of natural modesty, I left the narrow plank and skirted in the shrubbery by the way. A native sprang, *au naturel,* from the water and ran toward me. His bathing-suit was a kindly smile, and he emitted fairly good English, which indicated that he thought I was showing politeness and reverence to the plank. Such deference was needless, and he said: "Thees eez the way, lady. Come on the board. Eet eez no consequence, no consequence at all." He delighted in his vocabulary, and persisted in his effort, without a suspicion that I would purposely avoid so simple and natural a thing as a naked form. I thought the episode of very great "consequence," as an

illustration, but, with needless blushes, I emerged from the bushes, resolved to brave Japanese simplicity on the narrow plank.

The rikmen, bent on what was cleanly and healthful, dropped to their necks in the vats, and began a sulphurous scrub. Their efforts extended to the clothes they wore. Spreading them on the boards, they soaped and washed and rinsed away every trace of the tiresome trip, and hung the wet garments to dry on the bushes. Then they donned the clean suits which were under the seat of the riksha, and were natty and neat for the homeward spin. How many American cabmen stand as near as the little Japanese rikman to that quality which is next to godliness?

CHAPTER VI

ALONE IN NIKKO

Mutual Distrust

As lovely Nikko is the Mecca of the pilgrim and the stamping-ground of the tourist, so is it the restful resort of the weary; and where the trotters swarm for two days of celebration, it was my fortune to linger alone six weeks, to walk and talk with the natives, and many a heart to heart experience was mine.

While wandering among the monarchs of the forest, I met a peasant lad, perhaps of eighteen years, with pack on back, peering from a wall into the realm below. With all a browsing wanderer's interest in things novel, I climbed the bank to get his point of view. Never had he seen a thing so queer and strange drive straight for him. Instantly he was on the defensive. He

clenched his fists, ground his teeth, flashed his eyes, and muttered angry prayers. He regarded me as an aggressor, and was ready for the fray. He straightened his muscles and seemed to say, "I'll kill you, if I must," and I thought, "Poor fellow, you don't have to. Only let me depart in peace, for I am ten times as scared as you are." I was praying as fast as he to be delivered from the enemy, but I made less fuss about it. I had followed close in his path to reach the parapet, where I found, — nothing. The boy had become the embodiment of defiance. Every gesture was a threat. There was blood in his eye, as he took a step forward. I backed from the wall and skirted into the briers, at the risk of snakes, to avoid the insensate youth. He muttered incantations to ward off my demoniac self. He cried to all the gods, he punctured the air with charms to avert the evil spirit. Fiercely he denounced the foreign devil, and I slid down the bank with a one-sided air and gained speed with distance, while he clapped his hands and still purified the air of demons. When people ask if I was afraid in Japan, I think of that infuriate lad in the woods, and say: "When the native was afraid of

CLOG-SHOP, NIKKO

me, I was truly afraid of him. The scare was mutual."

Visits to the Little Shops

But the denizens of Nikko treated the stranger with much kindness. The town has one long main street, lined with tiny homes and shops. Every home and shop were mine ere I left. I sometimes felt that every child was mine.

On a leafy hill, o'ershadowed by a grove of masts, was the daintiest bric-à-brac shop in town, whose walls were lined with treasures. Never could I pass the door without the master's kindly call. Well he knew I should not buy, but he had always another curio to uncover; something beautiful to feast my eyes, — a pet casket or carving, or teapot, or sword-hilt of ravishing design, and many a chat we had through his limited English. He took a childlike interest in my wardrobe, told the price of his obi, and asked the cost of my shoes. The item impressed him, and he said: "That make one pound each. Very much cost, one shoe, one pound," as he told the price of his own straw sandals.

Celebrating the Birth of the Crown Prince's Baby

The day after the birth of the Crown Prince's baby, all the land was rejoicing. Many weeks had the people discussed the coming event, and the faithful subjects had longed for a baby boy. When the glad news went forth by wire and by press, everybody gave up to a day of feasting and delight. The humblest home floated the national banner, and mirth and music were in order.

As I passed the shop, I tried to slide unnoticed by the collector. But I heard a dash from the door, and the clatter of clogs, and there came the friendly call, "Come in please; do please come see," and he led me by another door to an unknown realm, cleanly as the shop, and rich in precious trophies. At a low centre-table were rice and fish and saké. His little geisha girl was curled up in a bunch on the floor with her samisen. They were having a beautiful celebration without any chaperon, but a third party was no intrusion, and the girl thought it quite proper to be found alone entertaining her young man.

He was voluble with drink, and poured

the saké, saying: "We all so glad — varee much want leetle boy — no much like leetle girl — my fren come sing, I say 'like saké?' she say, 'varee much, tank,' we drink saké. You drink saké, you pleeze me — I take first, Japneze costom — drink same cup, you 'blige me — all very glad — leetle boy come — everybody want — all Japneze people very happy — me drink more, then you drink, all so glad."

He drained the little egg-shell cup, refilled, and passed it to me, and I gladly drank to the Crown Prince and his new baby of the mild, sherry-like liquor, which is the beverage of Japan and palatable to the stranger. The little musician twisted herself into a small knot, and struck the strings of her lyre, to give out those dismal notes which ravish the Japanese heart. It seemed a funeral wail, but was meant for a birthday welcome.

Learning to Know the People

The stranger alone in Nikko had great opportunity for good. The native greed for English makes the foreigner useful. Japanese children are most winsome. I have

counted twenty-three in a bunch, of all dimensions, cuddled down on the door-step. They clung to my hands, about my neck, under my arms, in my lap, while the mothers nodded approval, and I borrowed a baby who crowed and laughed in my face. As he grew restive, I gave him my finger to chew, but the diet did not satisfy, and he openly declared his preference to be snuggled in mother's arms.

Sometimes we exchanged phrases, where the stranger knew the equivalent for "good night, good morning," but oftener the little ones learned their words like parrots, and the woods echoed with the shouts: "You are very nice. I love you, good little girl, dear little midget," which last was given with a twist that precluded all understanding.

The Japanese adore their children and are proud to show it, before and after the babies are born. One day I met a dignified man in long robes and high clogs, parading through the streets with a diminutive bundle in his arms. His face was wreathed in smiling affection. "How old, baby?" I asked, as I peered down into the fuzzy, woozy bundle. "Fourteen day old," said the proud parent, and I wondered how many an American

father would delight in carrying his two weeks old infant through the main street of the town!

The Japanese are kind to the children, and apparently do little punishing, and the usual baby rewards the *laisser-aller* system by being very jolly. But when he does lift his voice, he does it with vigour that makes itself heard. One day the wails of a young hopeful were let loose on the air, and mothers and youngsters gathered on the scene. They stood mute with consternation at the sound. It did seem as if some one was being cruelly massacred. Such misery was a contrast to the usual peaceful life of Nikko. It tore the nerves of the old Irish-Australian lady, who rushed to learn the cause. Baby had been refused a penny for candy! The old lady's sympathy was curdled to wrath. "An' sure, it's a good sound paddy whacking I'd bay after a-givin' him, a-stirrin' up a hull town fur a pinny fur candy."

The "wooden lady," of perfect manners, pegged away eternally at the blind phrases of a ridiculous primer, tracing with her bird's-claw fingers the nonsensical words, "Is this plant an herbaceous peony?"

"What botanical rubbish have you struck?

The man should go to the Bastile who writes such stuff in a primer," I cried, and, though she did not comprehend the explosion, she knew there was something doing, and doubled up and cackled, as she brought out her dreadful penmanship, which suggested the old story of the picket-fence. The bird claws were brown and shrivelled, as if a snake-skin had been drawn over them, and to follow their tracery was impossible.

"Tank you pleeze varee much," she said, as we closed the lesson. She was a bundle of good manners and etiquette, but, when caught off her guard, her face in repose had the stern stoicism of a brave samurai. She was the famed coquette of the town, dainty and mincing, with sweet and gentle voice, and the grace of a true-born siren. Her wily ways bowled over the strongest men like ninepins. She submerged them with her wooden wares, and loaded them with trays of carved monkeys and boxes engraved with waterfalls and bridges, which they could not escape. The grim old sea-captain set his flinty face against her, but she prevailed, as she knew she would, and he was helplessly loaded

down with red and gold lacquer, of which he did not know the meaning or the value. She relentlessly knocked at the doors of tired tourists at late night, and men emerged after a day's hard jaunt, half-dressed and half-asleep, and returned from the nocturnal interviews with less of coin and more of curios. I often visited her store for love of the little brown puppy which grew to know me. The canine rose in value as I caressed him, and the lady said, with a crafty eye to business: "I no like him, but my farzer luf him, want to keep him. I gif him you, but my farzer luf him so he no can gif, he want three yen!"

The Arts and Crafts of the People

One could study silk culture in these homes, as the peasants gathered the panniers of leaves; the worms crawled on the shelves, and the cocoons bobbed on the boiling waters, whence the little maidens deftly pulled the perfect fibres.

The woods of Nikko furnish beautiful skins to the market, and the furrier let me roam through her inner sanctuary. The fur slipper is easy for the gouty foot, and, after my purchase, the little lady thanked me

every time we met, salaaming low with native grace and saying, "Tank you var mooch for theese morning, tank you for yesterday, tank you for las' week," as the date required, till in self-defence I bought another pair that the thanks merited might be fresh!

Behind the house rose a rough rock, so near that it seemed the outer wall of the home. Its warm moss was spread with a miniature landscape garden. Japanese art can be crowded into the smallest space, and every feature of the dim old forest was there. Rippling streams, roaring cascades, dense trees, stone lanterns, sacred torii, and Lilliputian men were in evidence. The serpent slipped through the moss, and frog and stork were at the lakeside.

In the home a pet monkey scrambled over the chests, and buried deep in the lady's sleeves, for nuts and seeds. He was a household favourite, bought for a pound, and I was glad to aid in his support, as he was considered a great bargain. He wore a wonderful coat of gray silk fur, but his face was marked by stealthy cunning. He looked like the soul of an ancestor in retrograde, and he made a bee-line for me as if he recognized a member of the family. He

grabbed for his favourite cucumbers, and scrambled by a chain to the roof, in search of nuts among the rafters. He was the only child of the home, and for a year he had lived in contented luxury.

I never found reason for the quoted cruelty of the Japanese, a people who so tenderly make pets of babies, animals, and flowers. The children of any nation are barbaric little savages until taught better, and one who has seen an American child bite viciously into the arm of a baby brother, and another young American drop a turtle into scalding water, to drive him out of his shell, feels that the American has no stones to sling in that direction.

The wood-carver's haunt was a fanciful realm, and often I stole up-stairs among the rare chests, tables, and boxes, and surprised the owner as I descended to his workshop. Had he seen me, his politeness would have bade him stop all work, and make futile attempts at conversation. He showed only generous pleasure that I had roamed unbidden among his treasures, and when I made love to the hen in her cage, he removed the wicker and deposited the hen and her brood in my lap. It was not good for the gown

that mother and chicks should nestle there, but he had offered me a tender compliment, and I could not refuse the menagerie. The guests were not overpolite, and left ruinous marks on the gown, as they spattered about and pecked for the grain which their master had dropped in the folds. Exquisite things in dark heavy woods were carved by the humble craftsmen, who dug at the hard lines with clumsy tools, till the plain pieces grew to mighty elephants, or a triplet of monkeys, to roses, iris, or lotus.

The Yankee zeal for bargains had full play among these little merchants. "How much?" I asked, of a stand with carving of a lumbering elephant in a jungle. "Twelve yen." "Oh, no, too much." "How much you geef, lady?" "Four yen," I said, sportively. "All right, lady. You haf, go hotel," and I found to my dismay that I had an elephant on my hands. Many a time I carried off cargo which I had never meant to buy. The derisive prices, which seemed insulting, were accepted with glee, only proving what fortunes the canny people would make if their first figures were taken. A wily Scotchman, who always struck for bottom prices, gloated when a sturdy arm-

chair was sent home for seven yen. "It's a big bargain noo, a great thing that," said the victorious Scot. I smiled a smile of wisdom, for when I had said in passing to the shopman, "I give four yen," he had gladly answered, "Take it, lady, take, I send hotel." Maliciously I told the story, as it was too good to keep, and never would the injured Scot rest easy in that costly chair, as he thought of three yen gone to glory!

The box-making industry is an art in a land where every box is a treasure to encase another treasure. No nation puts up a lunch as does the Japanese, in a smooth round box embedded with leaves. The condiments are in a tower of lesser boxes, united by wooden thongs, and the butter, pepper, salt, mustard, each has its separate box.

All sorts and shapes of boxes are turned out in the little shops of Nikko, and with delight I watched the nimble fingers fly. One industrious old man recalled the "ancient arrow-maker" of "Hiawatha," as he sat in his door ceaselessly plying his trade, working as zealously and as honestly as the skilled artist who decorated the valued cloisonné. He worked behind horn glasses, which were held to his ears by loops of

string. He fastened the pieces down with his toes, and made the boxes in piles of halves, using little wooden pegs in place of clumsy nails. From a bundle of sticks he drew the pieces, and tacked them to the squares of cedar, and as the halves grew in piles, the bundles of chips diminished. The two parts were afterward deftly fitted together. This was his patient life, as the hours and the days rolled away, to drive the wooden pegs, and pound the tiny pieces, and polish them to smoothness. He could speak no word with me, and only noticed me with a kindly nod and smile. Long I sat in the doorway, fascinated by the steady growth of boxes, whose neatness was my admiration. This was a trade for all Japan, minus any big factory with whistles and engines and endless bands. The dainty boxes that went out from the Lilliputian homes would carry treasures of art to all the earth.

What would happen in this fair land, as we sat on our lovely lawn or leaf-bowered porch, with book or embroidery, if a brown-skinned mite from Japan came clapping down the street in clogs and kimono, with a bright paper parasol in place of hat, her hair done in a butterfly bow, if she toddled

up the steps and indicated that she would sit down and watch us work? Should we welcome her with sweet and gracious smile, and make her comfortable with the best we had, or should we think her an intruder, call the dog, whistle the police, or telephone the hurry-up wagon that a loafer was desecrating our sanctum? I doubt if we would make that unconventional creature welcome, yet we think ourselves polite.

Well I recall the music-lesson of a little home. I heard the thin, falsetto voice piping within, and drew near to make my poor salaam and indicate that I would like to listen from the threshold. The housewife, with baby strapped on her back, hustled to the door and gave me mats. Grandma bowed low with sunny smile. From a dark corner grandpa saw me, and, bent double with age and rheumatism, he crawled along and kissed the floor, suffused with hospitable grins. Kneeling at the low stand, before the music-roll, the children whined and droned, as they picked out the song on the squeaky samisen. The untiring teacher beat her baton, crooned low, repeated and corrected, raised the tone when the midgets were off the key, and steered them through the weary

monotone of Japanese art, as she wheezed her own pitiable notes. They made a mighty effort to give me the sweetest lullaby in the realm, and show me the refined accomplishment of a well-to-do home; and when my tested nerves could stand no more of shrill falsetto, I crept away amid the smiles and salaams of the united household.

In another pigeon-nest on temple hill I loved to loiter, surrounded by antiques and curios, where the dealers were my friends, and I squatted on the mats to gloat on the ancient treasures which were unwrapped from their silken layers.

Few tourists found this obscure rookery, where the dark-eyed lads in soft silks were always at leisure. One youth naïvely said he would like to marry an American lady, but they were all too rich! They would not like to stay in Japan, and cook in the kitchen. His artistic nest was embowered in green, with no stick or stone in its curving path. Near the arbour was a temple bell, and before the door hung a beautiful white grouse. When I tried to charm him, he proved to be a wooden bird, so true to life that he might deceive an Agassiz. Flowers and the sacred monkeys were carved above

PRIESTS BEFORE THE TEMPLE AT NIKKO

the door. Within rested the quiet calm of a sanctuary. The little shop seemed positively holy. Majestic Buddha in the centre flooded the place with peace. On the wall hung the big drum, which had beaten many a tom-tom to departed ancestors. Opposite were shoguns' emblems, beautiful swords with ivory sheaths. There were lunch-boxes of lacquer wrought in gold, layer after layer, connected by cords. I felt like a throned god when the little man placed me a mat on a lacquer lunch-box. He hardly spoke of his stately souvenirs. He loved them all and knew their worth. He had ransacked the country far north for such trophies, and he loved them as if they were his children and a part of his life. Tenderly he unwrapped the trifles, as we squatted in the dim light. There were teapots chased with shoguns' crests, brocaded purses, inlaid pipes, wonderful sword-guards, ivories yellow with age, intricate figures carved in a solid piece, wrought in microscopic patterns, so delicate that only a glass revealed the perfection of their workmanship. It was a pleasure to touch the treasures, and many quiet hours I worshipped at this shrine, and

the old man delighted in my enthusiasm, though he knew I could not buy.

The Wet Season in Nikko

Nikko suggested Scotland in its summer weeks of rain, but during those thirty days of wet weather it was ever beautiful. Gray clouds sailed solemnly across the heights, and raked the sides, and sifted through the green. They dropped down the slopes like sheets of melted lead.

Even the empty-headed nesans felt the grandeur of it all. Long hours they sat on the porch like statues, and gazed at the grayness. When they tired of looking, they tried a high jump from the steps, and the boys shinned the posts. Never was such freedom given to hotel waiters. When the electric light at the gate went out, one brave maid, descended from a samurai, hit the tall pole with a billet of wood, and created a temporary glimmer. When the light failed again, this little mistress of the black art hit another whack, and laughed to see the electricity wink back and answer. The maidens had little idea of hard work, and they seemed made only to bow low in squads for

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DWARF WAITER AT THE HOTEL NIKKO, A FAVOURITE WITH ALL

new arrivals, yet they tugged up-stairs the heaviest burdens, breathless and giggling with fun. Grumbling is not the heritage of those descended from the stoical days of hara-kiri, or honourable suicide.

The proprietor passed the rainy days in the office, playing a miniature game of checkers. The American thought it a grand time to clean house, but such a funny thought never struck the little natives.

By the usual contrariety of methods, rainy weather seemed the time for outdoor work; and coolie women in blue tights, with the omnipresent towel of blue and white about the head, went down on hands and knees, to "mow the lawn." Five days they knelt and worked and gossiped over a piece which a good machine would have clipped in fewer hours. Living illustrations they were of wasted strength. But they were chubby-faced and smiling, and gathered a tuft in one hand as they snipped it with a rusty sickle in the other.

Weary days the gardener spent in the pouring rain, mounted on a ladder, shearing the branches. He shaved the beautiful trees almost bald, till they had nothing left to prove that foliage is green. Thus it is ever

with the trimmed trees. They are cut and pruned till reduced to miniature, as the Japanese idea is to spread into fantastic forms, or to flatten to an umbrella shape. So the pine and the maple and the feathery shrub had their aspirations nipped in the bud, and were reduced to shoots. A bed of Easter lilies, planted in the rain, sprang into starry beauty before my window, and the idle nesans filled the vases with flowers, showing that skill in decoration which has made Japan so lovely.

One can acquire a taste for foreign dishes. Bamboo shoots appealed to my palate, and macaroni pudding, done up in custard, disappeared in slippery tubes. Almond taffy was too great a test of good manners. Guests slipped away with sly handfuls, and vulgarly crunched all the evening. The Americans looked longingly for ice-cream, which appeared in cycles. In seasons of plenty we had "glacé au citron," and "glacé à la vanille," which had a suggestion of Huyler. It had no fixed date, and the joy would continue a week, to be followed by a season of famine, when parched lips would hunger in vain for "glacé." Chickens, old and young, were slain by the gross and offered

thrice a day, till it depressed one to think of this massacre of the innocents in our behalf.

The Booming Temple Bell

Not least among Nikko's glories, in the heart of the forest, sounds the great bell, and every hour its rich tone rings deep in the heart of the tourist. With a powerful effort, the priest swings the beam toward the bronze, and holds it back till the metal has ceased to vibrate. Several minutes are required to sound the longest hours, and he keeps tally with a pile of wooden blocks. "Boom!" sounds the bell through the woodland, and the dim old forest quivers with the peal. It lingers on the air and reverberates through the town. The chatter of tourists is hushed, and the clatter of meal-tide is stilled. A tender smile and a kindly glance, flitting from face to face, mark the respect and love of the stranger for the dignified note. Sweetly the sound hangs on the air, strong at first, then soft and low it floats and pulsates, gently fading, faintly dying. The breath is held, and every nerve is strained to catch the last wave of the

sonorous tone. Again the priest lets fly his beam, and, like a man-of-war, the bronze strikes out its signal, which again rolls into space, and the great bell among the dark cryptomeria is stilled for another sixty minutes.

In sunshine or in shower Nikko is lovely. The sombre forests have impressed additional dignity on the gentle natives, and the beauty of their character is in keeping with the harmony around them. And when for the last time rikky trundled me down their fascinating village street, everybody seemed to share my grief in going. Gentle voices rang along the way, of brass merchant and curio vendor, of the wooden lady and the furrier, of the toy-seller, the box and basket maker, "Good-bye, Oksan, come back gen, see Nikko nodder time." Small wonder that their motto reads, "See Nikko, and die."

When the woman who wandered and rested alone thinks of lovely Nikko, sequestered sepulchre where sleep the dauntless shoguns among mighty mountains, protected by two hundred guardian Buddhas calmly grinning beside the rushing river, blessed by the beautiful red bridge sacred to the divine

TEMPLE OF THE DANCING PRIESTESS AT NIKKO

emperor, dominated by the sombre cryptomeria of the darksome forest, there comes the vision of that humble village street and the kindly workers in the arts and crafts.

CHAPTER VII

SENDAI, MATSUSHIMA, AND IKAO

The Famous Chests of Sendai

TEN hours from Tokio the traveller reaches Sendai, the largest town of the north, with eighty thousand inhabitants. It is noted for its tansus, or wonderful Sendai chests, covered in beautiful designs, with scrollwork of wrought iron, which the tripper rejoices to export. There has been a run in late years on this lovely souvenir, and it is rapidly rising in value, as the appreciation of the tourist is evident, so that one needs to barter and haggle if he would have bottom prices. Only the resident, well used to the native, and posted in values, is able to make an easy trade. Though comparatively few travellers reach Sendai, each wants one or several great chests, which strike to a woman's heart, since the top drawer will

receive a full-length gown unfolded. Other drawers are shorter, as a closet runs down the side, which contains small drawers with especial locks. Every corner is a work of art, and every lock likewise, finished in graceful coils and spreading fans. The handles are iron pieces, which pull up, at the very top. As a buffet for silver pieces, or packed with choice linen, in bedroom or dining-room, this noble bit of furniture is the housewife's pride. It contrasts grandly with the mysterious chest of Korea, the glory of that land, which is finished in solid brass, much of it, but perfectly plain.

The hunter for chests has not yet used the foreigner's prerogative to spoil a town, and Sendai is very native, unspoiled by the tourist, though it boasts a semi-European hotel. The host was newly married, and spent all his time on the mats of his speckless floor, making love to his pretty bride. It was difficult to find him, and it seemed sad to interrupt him, when found, for the practical matters of business, which are usually dear to the native. He appeared to resent intrusion, and disregard cash accounts, though, when I left, he rushed up frantically at the station, and breathed in my ear the sepul-

chral notice which he had forgotten, "Eighty sen, please, for the sandwiches of your lunch." He apparently had great fear of mortifying me in presence of my companion, but "we two" had a merry laugh over the narrow escape with the lunch.

The little man had trotted all over town with me in search of a proper chest, and, once torn away from his bride, he seemed delighted with his errand, and I suspect drew a fine commission, as my price was not on the "ground floor." I talked with him on matters marital, and was interested in his adoration of the little lady, and he was very sure that his joy would last and his delight be ever fresh, "that he would never leave her nor forsake her." "All the world loves a lover," and his *naïveté* regarding his affections was most charming.

A Chance Acquaintance

The house had a large dining-room, which was the resort of the swell Japanese for clubs and banquets. Every foreigner dined alone, and was allowed chair and table in the nest that opened by screens to the gallery that looked off on the picturesque garden. One

never had the same room twice in succession, but was switched on behind another screen. A gloomy forbidding man, behind spectacles, with a heavy mop of hair, was soberly reading as I plunged into his presence and backed out, excusing the interruption, as I was not sure of my room. He dropped his book with relief. "An interruption is a godsend in this lonely place. I only read in self-defence. Let us shove back the screen and be sociable." After that we always planned a companionable meal-tide. Thus are the barriers of conventionality burned away when the traveller is far from home. He proved a wide-awake insurance man, with all the rich experience of that class. He had resented the stalwart prices of our European house, and roomed at the native inn, where commodities were few, but amusing geishas plentiful!

Waiting in the Rain

Sendai is the stepping-stone to Matsushima, one of the three famed beauty-spots of Japan, and here I waited to make the trip, in the dreariest rain that ever tumbled from the sky. Nowhere, except in Southern Cali-

fornia, had I ever seen it rain so hard; and the insurance man declared it had done nothing else for ten days.

The European part of the hotel consisted of three desolate rooms, with the barest essentials, and here I must sit all day and watch the pitiless pour and the little men running about in straw coats.

The native editor who called to interview me was a joy. I catechized him breathlessly, and he replied politely, and at the close remarked, "Madame, you have not told me very much." "But I have answered all your questions," I said, smiling to think that he had had no time to put a question.

Here, too, I met the little English educator who had raised a storm in Tokio by the assertion, "The Americans neither write nor speak the English language correctly." There is no doubt that many of us are careless, but, if we deserve her sweeping criticism, let us speedily improve. For the good of our country, let us be careful. The natives are most receptive to new ideas, and the censure worked much harm to our teachers, who were making a bread-and-butter struggle in the capital by their English. Immediately the Britisher was in demand, and the Ameri-

can teacher lost caste and lost work. The natives wanted the best, and were suspicious of our powers.

To the observant traveller, every incident is a clue to national character. The storm got on the nerves of the Sendai rats, and they played mad havoc in the night. They charged through the hall, and they raced and rattled and scratched in the ceiling. They were considerate not to fall through, as morning revealed holes a foot long above. The boy solemnly promised to put in repairs, and a little later the holes were all neatly covered with white paper. Strong preventive against rats!

My pitcher was without handle, and one day it slipped from my hands and lay in magnificent ruins at my feet, while a gallon of water flooded the room. I sounded a troubled note on the one public bell in the hall, as every towel had been taken, and I feared for the ceiling of the banquet-room below. Boys and maidens rushed to my room, and, to my wild demands, "Towels, quick: towels, pick up water, everybody wet," they doubled up in roars of laughter, while I stood helpless in the swamp.

Matsushima the Lovely

With the first rift in the clouds, I hurried to famed Matsushima, an island in the deep blue, surrounded by archipelagoes, known for its eternal hills, its temple-caves, and idols of the past, its tea-houses, gardens, and geisha girls of the present. This is the only spot in the empire where the *solid* bamboo is found, and it is sold extensively in seals of grotesque carvings of the idols in the gloomy caves.

From the tallest peak one looks down on a ravishing view which might well be that of Lake Winnipesaukee and its dotted isles. Certainly it is the twin of that New Hampshire nook, and no lover of the beautiful in nature, who has time for pleasure, should omit seeing this far-away spot.

A Night Ride on the Train

I always pity the poor rich, who can only afford to travel first class and stop at the best hotels, for they never know the fun they miss. Only the tenderfoot — distressed at rubbing shoulders with the native whom

he *says* he has come to see — and the very swellest Japanese travel first class.

The insurance man had wound up affairs, and seemed a serviceable chaperon on the night trip back to Tokio. In a smart-Aleck style, he took things leisurely, would not hurry. "There is plenty of time. Don't rush," he said, and consequently we sat up all night. The incident was a very fair sample of the trials which come from accepting a chum.

There was no sleeper on the train, and only one first-class car, a square box, where two could stretch out at full length on each side and one at the rear end. I was the only woman, and, as we entered, four natives, lost in snores and blankets, were camped at full length for the night, which left one space for the two foreigners, who must sit upright. Inventory of our neighbours proved them most elegant passengers, and we resolved to be wary of our English, which they would surely understand when they escaped from Morpheus, and we highly suspected some snoring to be a fake, to betray the unwily.

The insurance man was positive that the

old chap opposite, deep in silk pillows and soft wraps, was a Cabinet minister.

We wiled away the dark hours with jokes and stories, the joy of the Orient, and with lunch and sodas, the need of the traveller; but men never bear their travel trials lightly, and before morning my comrade had grown weary and depressed. He "missed his bath and shave," he said. I missed a great many things. About eight o'clock the antics of the Cabinet minister lifted the gathering gloom. He called his valet, tumbled out of his blankets, stood in the aisle immediately before me, deliberately dropped off his trousers, and shot into another and a better pair! Such is the simplicity of the native. Even the cross Englishman laughed.

Ikao the Wonderful

Probably not five in every hundred of the travelling public ever reach wonderful Ikao, the very heart of quaint Japan, centre of beauty and seat of loveliness, ringing with joyous bird notes in June, radiant with field flowers in July, populated with old nobility in August. If September shows a diminution of each charm, it has a combination

of them all, with the added glory of the fire and flame of sumac and maple on the distant hills.

Four hours by rail from Tokio, through a country given to rice farms, land the wanderer at the bustling native town of Maebashi, where a dilapidated horse-tram rattles one away for nearly two hours to the end of civilization, and a rik with two stalwart runners then bowls one for two hours more over the highways and hidden ways and mountain passes, through glens and divides and over the ridges, among sounds that are clear and smells that are sweet with the woodland. By a final swift spurt, the men dash into the clean courtyard of the Kindayu hotel, where life will be a joysome holiday.

An Ideal Hostess and a Cosy Inn

Madame Kindayu is a wonderful woman and an ideal hostess. She is sufficiently Europeanized to let her guests walk in foreign shoes over her speckless carpet. Her clear voice rings out in a sweet and fluent English which might shame many a foreigner who is famed for harsh tone and ugly jargon.

Oksan has five little Japanese babies, whom she dearly loves and carefully tends. She runs a native department of three hundred noble guests, she cares for all the foreign visitors, directs their steps, answers their senseless questions, gives advice and information regarding the country, and never is frown or flurry seen on her kindly face. Always she is dignified, gentle, and affable, the embodiment of gracious tact and courtesy. Her husband is the city mayor, that is, the chief man in the village, and most anxious that all shall redound to its credit.

The foreigner has foreign food, and does not suffer from chow and chop-sticks, and the delight of the native rooms is their charming simplicity, for the traveller worn out with the worries of life in the city. Nothing is cramped or crowded in a Japanese home. The gewgaws and kickshaws which we pile up in space would be the height of bad taste to these people of exquisite ways. Bed and chair and table are concessions to our way of living, but one needs little else who can look off from the dainty den across sweeping fields to rolling hills.

Things were semi-primitive at the inn.

A Watson whiskey bottle served as candlestick, a pickle bottle of Father Heinze — fifty-seven varieties — stood for carafe, and the pegs were corks run through with nails. The little rooms were built to fit the matting, which is always of exact dimensions in Japan.

Mr. Kindayu had not the fluent English of his wife, but he had a kindly heart, and he did his best. "Theez eez your seeting-room," he said, as I glanced at the dainty quarters, in whose recess stood a single beautiful ornament, behind which hung an artistic kakemono, or Japanese scroll. Doubtless there were many more lovely things hidden in the go-down, and when the family tired of looking at these, they would be exchanged for other hid treasure. Everybody had two rooms, and painted screens shut off the bedroom, while rice screens, or Shoji, separated the private alley, and solid amados at night shut out the green valley and the rugged hills.

I had dropped between the spotless sheets, when the city mayor appeared on the threshold, dramatically waving his wings and crying, "Varee dangroos, varee dangroos." "Where is it? I don't see it," I cried.

"Thieves, thieves," he added, as he closed down the boards which gave to the lean-to that looked out on the street. Evidently the country was not so innocent as I thought. The next night Boots followed me to my den, pouring out the same cry, as he insisted that I lock up my heavy door which led to the alley, and he spiked it with a ring and staple that reminded me of the Middle Ages, with prisoners chained to the wall.

Boots appeared in the morning, frantically waving a shoe in each hand, and shouting, "You did bring ink, you have got ink, ink for your shoes?" "No, I did not bring any ink for my shoes. Do the best you can, but don't paint them red," I pleaded. Evidently he gave them a violent rubbing, as the leather returned much worn and as if it had been trying a mud bath.

Table linen would have been very tempting had Mr. Kindayu known how to handle a foreign coffee-pot. He was unskilled in serving, and spilled the beverage at every meal, till the cloth seemed diagramed like a railroad map.

THE KINDLY SERVANTS OF THE KINDAYU HOTEL

The Hot Springs

Hot springs are the safety-valve of this wild volcanic region. They are hissing in the woodland, tumbling over the rocks, and roaring down the hillside. They dash in torrents through the forests and sound like a raging storm. Sometimes they leave an inky pool, and again they throw vapourous jets. Iron and soda are plentiful, and the baths of Kindayu are only mild. Sir Brooks Boothby, attaché of the British legation, created amusement among his hearers by querulously calling to the boy, "Make the water more hot. By, by, it is only warm, make it hotter," quite ignoring the fact that the only steam heat which we had was generated within the earth, and we were subject to the temperature which Mother Nature gave out.

Ikao looks like old Naples, sliding downhill, minus the water, and with the added element of cleanliness. Its one main street is steep and straight, running very high, and lined on each side with shacks which nearly overlap, while its steps are rough and ragged rocks. Here are the tiny shops and go-downs with native wares. Ikao makes simple toys

and very ingenious balls within balls, and wheels within wheels. It sells games that are the distraction of the stupid, and carvings that are quaint and odd, though they have none of the intricate design and high polish which one sees at Nikko. Cross-cuts and alleys from every quarter of the town lead to this main street, and no one could be so desperately lost but that he would come out at some time on this chief alley. Through a threadwork of lanes rise the native inns, in tier after tier, on the mossy slopes of the town.

The Iron-cloth of Ikao

Nowhere in the empire, outside of the little shops of Ikao, does one find the famous iron-cloth dear to the native who has implicit faith in its healing power. A strong precipitate of iron is in the bed of the streams, and the natives crawl over the rocks to gather the deposit, or they spread their garments on the bed of the brooks to stain them with the mineral. At Maebashi, a few miles distant, the cloth is fabricated in large quantities, and brought up to the village to lie in the go-downs till it is needed

on the counters. Often it is printed with fish or fowl.

Over gout and rheumatism and kindred troubles, it is thought to have great power. Prospective mothers wear it in heavy bands about the body, as it is supposed to give great strength to mother and child. This is its crowning glory in the mind of the native, and this is its chief advertising value. So the native explained with all the naturalness of the simplest matter, using the merchant's best plea for a sale, "If the honourable lady-san want an honourable little baby-san, she wear this yellow cloth." What statement could be more true-hearted! A baby is the greatest joy of the native. He would never suspect that an American lady would not want one. Truly the simple philosophy of the native often puts the conventional foreigner to the blush.

The Japanese Mother

The Japanese women do not have clubs, and therefore they have babies. By natural logic, a woman does not have time for both. No false prudery has debased natural law among these simple people. They speak

readily and easily of coming events which are dear to their hearts. If life is empty, they always live in hope. "Me no tink mooch trouble, my wife no mind care, she varee mooch hope leetle baby sometime," is the general sentiment in Japan. Maternal love has not been killed by outside duties. Every woman's heart is open to her share of babyhood, and every wife is disappointed if the baby does not appear. Her baby goes everywhere that she goes, whether it be to the temple or to the theatre, to the market or to the store. She attends no meetings where the baby would be a nuisance. A father works in the field with the baby strapped on his back. Old and young are indulgent to the newest baby, and there is often a long line. Very young sisters bear the burden on the back, and never question the propriety, nor expect anything else, and the last baby is carried long after he is well able to walk.

The Saratoga of Japan

Ikao is the Saratoga of Japan, the mid-summer centre of the old nobility. Here one gets the best, perhaps the only glimpse

of the high-bred families, the crested people, who descended from the fine old daimios, that were wont to march through the land with scores of thousands of retainers in royal procession, the brave two-sworded samurai, ready to live or die for their masters. Those impressive pageants were a half-century back, before the guns of Commodore Perry had thundered in the harbour, demanding an open port in the foreign land. One sees to-day the regal etiquette and gracious courtesy which are synonyms for the gentle-born and highly bred in the land. Lordly men and courtly ladies troop through the leafy glens to Yumoto, "Source of the hot springs," where long dippers are chained, and where they carry their drinking-cups to wile away the hours with laughter, and talk on the benches as they drink the life-giving iron. Voices are soft and sweet, manners are kind and gentle, and the attitude is one of deference to one's neighbour and effacement of self. Here are the elegant toilets of the gentry, soft dark silks of lustrous sheen and heavy texture, but never gaudy colour. The quality is rich, and the knot in the obi is artistic, and each crest denotes the special family. In to-day's pro-

cession is merely a hint of the culture of the palmy past. We may shut our eyes and think of the ancestral dignity, the staid demeanour, the paraphernalia and retinue worthy of Oriental kings.

Etiquette to-day is rigidly marked among the blue-bloods of Japan. If two noble ladies of the same rank meet, both lower their parasols, and stand exposed to the sun, while all the servants do the same. If one lady be of higher rank, the lady of lower rank closes her parasol, and all the retainers do likewise, while the lady of higher rank remains protected from the sun.

By night Ikao's highway made fantastic showing. Gnarled roots were drenched in oil, and hung from the trees in wire cages, and their light was weird and uncertain, as it flickered and flared along the road. Here the imperial postman trotted along by our side, and made wild efforts to talk. Here I ate roasted snake in the fitful glare of the torches, and could taste nothing but charcoal. Another snake of more venomous nature, warranted to cure all human diseases, was preserved in alcohol, but I preferred to take his medicinal merits on faith.

A Shinto Shrine

Down the valley stands an old Shinto shrine, said to date back two thousand years. If it did not stand in the days of Jesus of Nazareth, at least it has for many centuries been sacred to Inari. It is approached through fifty red torii, or arches, and, from far and near, it is the Mecca of faithful pilgrims who come for help and healing. The cat and the snake are among the animals which receive homage in Japan, and to Reynard, the wily fox, the superstitious natives bow. There is doubt about the gender, but Inari, god or goddess, prevails over the rice-fields, and must not be confused with *Imari,* in the south, famous for a certain china.

Inari has power to make the harvest fat or lean in the rice-fields. The red fox particularly must be cajoled, so red torii are raised to him in prayer and praise. Ikao's shrine is crowded with scores of fox images, large and small. He presides in grave dignity, as if his name were never known for trickery and stealth. When the suppliant tinkles the temple bell, Reynard's messenger runs with the prayer to the great Inari sama. Offerings innumerable have been brought to

the altar, and the walls are hung with votive gifts, in memory of answered prayers.

For many years a wise old sorceress, attached to the shrine, has been revered throughout the realm, as she guarded the temple and studied the stars. Her fame in the black art brings the suffering from all parts. She certainly has skill in jugglery, in necromancy. Patiently she hears the tale of woe. She shakes her box of sticks, and out tumbles a certain number which must be found in her sage's book, where she reads the fate and fortune of the anxious inquirer, who goes away sure that the old dame's word is a law which one cannot escape. Her face is strong and kind, and she, too, has absolute faith in her clairvoyance and in the answer of the stars. Wiser folks in distant lands have talked of solar-astro-biology. Her cures have been marvellous, and her hold on the peasant world has long been firm. Perhaps she is an instance of mind over mind, the stronger prevailing over the weak. With her is the right of succession, and she has appointed her son as rightful heir to her glory when her day is over.

CHAPTER VIII

AN INLAND TRIP

Preparations for the Trip

If few tourists see Ikao, whose leafy groves and flowering fields are girt about by rugged mountains, seldom does the trotter burrow farther inland and penetrate to the wild mountain fastness, the centre of the boiling sulphur springs, seat of invalidism, and Mecca of the sufferer. It had long been the goal of my travels, a dream and ambition which were difficult of accomplishment, since obstacles there were many, hardships numerous, and companions none. But with the rising difficulties came increased desire. "Interesting! Wildly so, if you can stand the terrible sights, but I could not endure them myself," said the experienced friend. A jaunt of seventy-five miles by riksha to the interior, through mountain passes and

bamboo jungles, over ridges and down steep slopes, is bound to have its stern discomforts. But once off the beaten track, the tripper, hunting for experiences, soon learns to discard the comforts of home, and to take troubles lightly. Only the sick, seeking heroic cure, and the venturesome would find any reason for the trip. The luxurious and the lackadaisical keep to the big cities and the large hotels, run on foreign plan, smacking more of home than of the Orient.

Wandering one day in the precincts of Kindayu, I came upon a dapper little dude, who might be a prince of the realm, arrayed in knickerbockers, boiled shirt, and diamond stud, riding a white pony. He was most affable to the stranger, and glad to air his smooth English, so he announced: "I am the proprietor of the Ikao house, next door. I am Mr. Kindayu's brother-in-law. I married his sister. He gave me the hotel, wedding present, Japanese custom."

Evidently he was a proud addition to the Kindayu circle. He took great interest in my ambition for the inland trip, but added: "The people who come here never have the courage to go farther. Unless they are missionaries, they think this is the very centre

of Japan." He knew exactly the man to guide me, — a trusty old retainer, honest and kind, who knew every foot of the country, was a good cook and spoke a little English!

My heart beat high with hope. This paragon of virtues seemed the prize-package in a lottery, and I blessed the master of the Ikao house. How could I secure the worthy guide? He was a servant at the Ikao. Oksan Kindayu might not like to have me take him. Family complications were in sight, and I must not strain peaceful relations.

I resolved to finesse a little with Oksan Kindayu, who had been most kindly toward my interests. I asked her if she knew a certain man, Heihachee, famed throughout the countryside? I had heard him spoken of, and could she find him for me? Oksan tumbled into the trap. Oh, yes, she knew Heihachee. He was not busy now, and she would find him for me.

The next morning, he salaamed before me in the breakfast-room. To see him was to trust him. His tawny, wrinkled face bespoke fidelity and honour. He was a hardy mountaineer, and a veritable Fidus Achates, who would be true to his charge, and lay

down his life if needful, like the old retainers. More than fifty years he had weathered the seasons of Ikao. His pyramidal head suggested Shakespeare. His broad smile and kindly eyes were full of friendship. His rugged frame was bent with the battles of life, and he had been scarred in the struggles, but he had not lost the gentle demeanour of the unspoiled native. His abbreviated tights were cut off on the thighs. One knee was circled with court-plaster, and one big toe was heavily bandaged. He sucked in a ponderous breath to show respect, as he doubled like a jack-knife, and said: "Me Heihachee. Me go. Oksan like Japanese chow?" No, Oksan did *not* like Japanese chow even a little bit. He threw back his classic head, emitted a merry roar, and was off. His aide was a stalwart young fellow, and I knew that I was very lucky in my retinue.

A Rough Ride

The mountain road was rough and wild enough to dismay the stoutest heart. Recent heavy rains had gullied out the passes, loose rocks rolled down the defiles, boulders had

A TYPICAL TEA-HOUSE

tumbled across the way. Muck and mire made a paste through the forest. But no obstacles daunted the sturdy men. They were wont to conquer. Sometimes they acted as pushman and pullman, at other times they ran in tandem. Often they lifted the rik bodily out of the ruts, and carried it apace. Frequently I alighted and trudged afoot, when I saw the muscles strain and the perspiration run in rivers from the tawny skin. Where the way was almost perpendicular, old Fidelity would say, " Pleeze getty down, leetle walky, moochee uppee." Where the freshet had washed away the bridge in a wild mountain region, rik and men and passenger were packed away in a primitive sampan, and ferried across by rope and pulley, that we might not be carried down the raging stream.

At noon we took a nap and refreshments at a roadside tea-house. After the midday heat, we trundled on till five P. M., and rattled up to Hagiwara's inn. The gentleman was fat, fair, and forty, with a retinue of kindly servants and jolly children. The place was not a village, not even a hamlet, but a clump of houses high on a cliff among the bushes, and quite suggestive of the Bib-

lical "ram caught in a thicket." A stout aristocrat next door held an elaborate tea service, and departed. I seemed to be the only remaining patron, and a suite of three rooms was at my disposal. The entire family thought themselves worthy to untie the latchet of my shoes, and then I pattered across the sacred threshold.

Heihachee the Guide

Early in the day Heihachee handed me a mysterious document, saying, solemnly, "Master, Ikao house." I found within the sealed packet a crudely drawn sketch of the road we must travel, with all stop-overs indicated, and a letter of presentation to the affable Hagiwara. Surely one could not expect more generosity from a rival proprietor, who never expected to see me again. When I called to thank him, after the return, the foreign gentleman had been metamorphosed, and a native proprietor sat behind his counter, comfortably arrayed in loose kimono.

Soon after our arrival, Heihachee disappeared, to return in flowing robe with crest, and bringing a "name-card," like any noble

guest, and as if he did not expect recognition in his party gown. He inspired heavily, and began a mighty speech, which struck terror to his patron's heart. "Me Heihachee, good guide, me go far way all over mountains, very bad roads, Eeenglesch, Merican genelmen."

"What, Heihachee!" I exclaimed, in despair, "you go away with English American gentlemen, and leave me here to fight my way through the woods! You can't do it. You promised to stay with me, and you must see me through. Bring up the gentlemen and we will settle this."

He tossed back his head with a laugh and ran away, while I was left guessing as to the doleful situation. Then I learned how mean a thing it is to be suspicious, and how often we misjudge the native who has only our kindly interest at heart. Noble, faithful old Heihachee! How cruelly and brutally I had suspected him! He was simple-hearted as a child, and had only the child's natural desire to stand well in my esteem and to impress me with his record. He returned with a stack of credentials, which told of his services, how he was tried and trusted and had proved true, how he was

able and intelligent, though I was glad, for the truth of the testimonials, that they made little reference to his English or his cooking! These certainly were weak points, not greatly to be praised by the best judges, and, luckily, they were not essentials to bringing us through the woods. Among his valued papers, I found this doggerel:

> "If you're in want of a man,
> You may search through this lan',
> An' I trow that right weary you'll be,
> Ere you're likely to find
> One more to your mind
> Than Kaidzu Heihachee."

He performed with the dignity and solemnity of an old Roman Senator in control of the empire, and he went through his programme, marking off on his fingers the bill of fare. "Mornin', Oksan. Wat you haf? Omlet, bifstek, 'am an' eggs, table hôte." This was his notion of a French cuisine, this was his menu, and no chef in white cap could have been more serious. We had brought loaves of bread and tins of butter, a frying-pan and Indian meal, and he performed indigestible wonders over the embers. Fish could be had from the moun-

tain brooks, and eggs from any cackling hennery. He cooked omelet to the queen's taste, and when the boiled eggs were like bullets, and I tried to bolt them down, he moaned and groaned in pitiful sorrow, saying, "Oh, too bad, too bad, no can eat, all cook, arf hard, poor leetle fire." The rocky eggs were far more than half-hard, and, with an effort, I practised Japanese heroism.

Hagiwara's Inn

Hagiwara's bath-boy was a whole institution in himself. His English was in a very minor key, and he wore a dictionary, which he considered standard, in his gown. This he fished out and presented when pantomime was insufficient, and so we came to an understanding regarding the essentials, of "candles — matches — bath." The bath was a "Sabbath day's journey" through courtways and corridors, under the open, down several flights of stairs, past tiers of lodgings where people were packed as in caves and boxes, to the far-away room, with its great vat sunk in the floor, where the strong sulphur came rolling in hot from the hills.

Here the boy prepared to undress me. He

expected to administer the bath. I was tired with heat and jolting, every bone and muscle ached from the hard trip. A massage would have been acceptable, and the temptation was great; but I was still hedged about by queer and unnatural conventionality, and I pointed to the door. What would they think in proper America if I were washed and rubbed by a strange lad! O shades of the proprieties, and slanderous tones of Mrs. Grundy! And yet, every native woman was used to being scrubbed and rubbed, and the boy did not understand how the lady in the white skin could do away with his services.

Then followed the deep mystery of bed-making. The traveller who is unwilling to be thoroughly native should carry his own linen to the interior, as he will find no other, and it is sad to wake in the night and wonder what wretched leper may have slept last in those futans. One is sure to wake, since the natives plunge into revelry at all hours, and the wicked flea makes an active campaign with the tenderfoot. His bite does not bother, it leaves no venom in the veins, but his antics are ticklish, and when an army of fleas take one's spine for a race-course,

and play tag on one's body, insanity would be a natural result.

Old Fidelity ordered in the thick futans, or wadded quilts, piled many deep. He placed a barrel for a pillow, which I promptly kicked to the wall. That was not his gentle way of doing, and he wore a reproachful look, as he folded a futan in its place. He added a towel for a half-length, as concession to my strange foreign needs, and his *pièce de résistance,* which stood for top sheet, top quilt, and counterpane, was a huge ancestral overcoat, with velvet collar and cuffs that were vast; an army of natives might have snuggled in the folds. I resolved not to snuggle in it at all, and dragged it to the foot, where the futans were minus, greatly to Heihachee's distress.

My experience with the Sendai rat had made me dread the beast, and I pointed gloomily to holes in the wall, and expressed my fear. The boy brought out his dictionary, and I hunted for "rats." He sadly answered, "No, no haf got, rats, no rats," in the melancholy tone of the disappointed shopkeeper, and I expected him to add with the shopkeeper's usual hope, "will haf to-

morrow." In Japan, "to-morrow" ranks with the "mañana" in Spain.

Kusatsu, the Mecca for Sufferers

Heihachee always was one better than his word. He had promised to reach our goal on the second day at 2 P. M., and at 12.30 we bowled into the village square of famed Kusatsu, where the waters roared and raged as they tore from the earth, where the fumes were thick in the air, and the odour of sulphur could not be escaped. Women were washing at a large public trough. The mineral was deposited, and precipitated in large crystals, which made a bright lining to the tanks, and was scraped off and sold at the booths as souvenirs, both in flour and lump. Bath-houses growled with their angry waters, and clouds of smoke vomited out on the air. Native inns of dark, seasoned wood made the village centre, and their beautiful carvings of stork or dragon or wide-spread fan upon the gables could be found in this centre of the empire only, and were renowned throughout the land, as were the boiling waters. Beams and buttresses all bore the artist's touch.

KUSATSU

An Hour of Agony

A trumpet sounded a semi-military note. The deserted village square became alive. The doors slid back in their grooves, and from all the inns crawled forth the lame, the halt, the decrepit, those who could barely move, and those who were less disabled. For many of them the ravages of disease had made life agony. Their long sleeves floated through the square, and one caught a glimpse of waving towels and long-handled dippers.

The doors of all the bath-houses closed again behind the bathers, and for nearly an hour there resounded through the village the short, sharp, decisive bang, like an explosive, like a repeating pistol, while in every house was a scene unparalleled throughout the world, as fifty naked men were sweating away disease in the hardest kind of work.

Each held a stout plank about four feet long and one foot wide, and, bending over the water, he leaned the plank on the edge and churned persistently back and forth, back and forth, to mitigate the terrible heat of the mineral waters. At a tinkle of the

master's bell, each man put aside his board, bound a cloth about his head, and, kneeling, poured two hundred and fifty dippers of water on neck and head to prevent congestion. Inured as the native is to extreme heat in the bath, no man could enter here without precaution and prevision.

With the hope that there had been some slight abatement of the terrible heat, the master sounded another note, and the victims took their courage in both hands for the final plunge into the seething caldron. It seemed like dropping into the jaws of hell, as the steaming waters gurgled up around them. During the beating I thought of the "anvil chorus," as they sang a wild pæan to cheer their spirits. A pall fell on them, like the silence of death, when they entered the vats. Down, down, they slid into the scorching pool. Not a sigh escaped them, not a moan nor a groan, at heat which would have made us shriek with pain, as the waters swept about the ankles, rolled over the knee, up the thigh, around the waist, across the chest, under the armpit, and rose to the neck, where the invalids crouched submerged, with only the head above water.

A few suffering women were here also,

SNAP SHOTS OF THE BATHS OF KUSATSU

bearing the test with the same sturdy heroism. Occasionally a tightening of the facial muscles, or a catching of the breath, showed how great was their control, as they waited in the torturing water. It was a strange scene, of fifty heads above the surface, in that silent, gloomy room. At the end of each half-minute the master uttered a thin, piping sentence in high falsetto, to say what time had passed, how much remained, and to encourage their patience. To each remark all responded with a wild, maniacal whoop of desperation. Seldom does such an agonized wail rise from fifty suffering men, and the stoical silence came again, as in a tomb.

At the close of five minutes, the master gave his last nasal chant, and, with a final cry of agony, the bathers leaped from the mad waters, which were loath to give up their prey. From all corners came a storm, as of huge snowflakes, when the little nesans hurled towels and cotton through the air, and gently rubbed off the parboiled bodies.

Not once, but five times a day, beginning soon after sunrise, the trumpet calls its semi-military note for these five minutes of anguish, and one hundred and twenty baths,

covering a month, are expected to effect a cure of stubborn diseases. Not only gout and rheumatism bring many victims here, but the most terrible skin maladies are apparent. The water, running in from the hillside, so terribly hot and so impregnated with sulphur, passes rapidly down-stream, and thus is constantly changed, and the mineral destroys all germs, so that no contagion is feared from the community bath. The follies of youth, the madness of intermarriage, the sin of wild oats, are frightfully in evidence at the baths. Arms and legs are raw with ugly sores. Knees and armpits are eaten away by vile disease, the flesh is putrid and laid bare. These most afflicted parts are swathed in folds of soft cotton before and after entering the bath, as even the brave Japanese could not submit the open flesh and the exposed nerves to this awful heat.

The Leper Village

A half-mile down the stream is the leper village, home of the hopeless, haunt of those doomed children who are segregated to live alone, cut off from all of human kind. The

accursed of the race, these isolated ones, have access to the baths without rule or régime. The waters flow madly on, and the victims enter as they like, and come and go as they please, in nature's curative streams. Men and women soaked leisurely in the strong sulphur pools, as I studied the worst that comes in the form of physical misery. Eyes were sunk in their sockets, ears were gone, arms were decayed, and the ravages of horrible disease were evident on many a wretched victim. In the homes little babies toddled about, with here and there a sign which foreshadowed the dread enemy. Adults played at cards or dominoes, in pathetic effort to wrench a little pleasure out of life's ghastly tragedy.

It is claimed that there is a ray of hope for the fated leper, and a woman, once young and handsome, declares that eighteen years ago she was cured of the foul malady. With them she lives and works, trying her remedy on the diseased, and I watched her process, as she used the powder of the herb of moxa, and dropped it with a burning match upon the invalid. Here and there she dropped her burning point, and the touch of flesh and fire was harrowing. The

same calm stoicism, the same stern heroism, were apparent as at the baths. Not a sound escaped the sufferer. Rarely a slight shrinking or a twitching of the muscles showed how keenly the nerves felt the torture. One hundred points are burned in a hundred days. Terrible remedy for a terrible malady, and one could only wish that the fortitude of the sufferer would be rewarded by sound health in a cleanly body.

They are living on heroism and hope, doomed children of fate and misfortune, set aside as in a ghetto, too often forgotten and despised. Whatever the cause of the trouble, be it personal sin or ancestral heritage, the victims are only worthy of our sympathy and our help. The heart is wrung with pity for their plight. What wonder that of old the leper sought the great Healer, and pleaded for new life! What wonder that the Heart of Universal Love was wrung with such wretchedness! But, wonder of wonders, that the ungrateful nine, when they felt the warm life-blood coursing freely through the veins again, forgot to return praise and glory to the Healer. All honour to the native woman! All honour be to Father Damien, to any man, who has offered

up the great sacrifice of life in the world, to isolate himself in the vale of disease, that he may, in brotherly love, wipe out one atom of this foul misery, as he numbers his days alone with the victims who are called "Unclean, unclean."

A Night of Wondrous Beauty

The third-story room needed no protection from intrusion, and that night a flood of moonlight entered, as I lay thinking in the silence, wakeful with the memories of that eventful day. Through the impressive quiet there came nine silver strokes. The watch said 3.30, which did not explain the ringing notes. Was there fire or danger in the village? I thought of the warders ever watchful to warn these little people against fire and flame, which could so soon sweep devastation among the match-box homes, and I crept out on the little balcony to view the sleeping world.

It was a peaceful picture framed in the soft, pale light, for all the land was at rest. The sulphur fumes rolled up in cloudy columns from the vat below, and the wind drifted the fleeting clouds as they fluttered

into space. Occasionally a cloud-bank sailed across the full moon, which rode out again in regal splendour. The little brown homes were distinct in the night, and their glorious carvings of phenix and flower stood clear against the sky. In the distance lay the village of the sleeping lepers, and impartially the gracious moon shed her refulgent light upon the hopeful and the hopeless. There was no suggestion of sad fatality, of suffering or despair. Serene peace rested over the inland town. I crept back to the room which was flooded with glory, and my eyes fell on the benign Buddha, calmly smiling in his raised recess. About him were green boughs, placed in my honour, and before him were two unbaked loaves, an offering to the god, that my visit might be propitious to myself and a blessing to the house.

A Break-down in the Forest

Morning dawned gloriously beautiful. I had seen the sight for which I came, and merrily we bowled away. The grass sparkled with the early dew. The birds trilled their sweetest carol. Every flower gave off rich perfume. The firs were pungent with

balsam. The steep divides, the woodsy glens, the mountain slopes, the rippling streams, were full of nature's poetry, when snap, crash, crack, grind! The poetry of life went out in dreariest prose. Old Fidelity stood still in his tracks, and the rik jolted down with a thud. The two men consulted, like wise old Senators, then Fidelity picked up his courage and painfully announced, "Varee solly, riksha broky, Oksan, leetle walkee, five cho, fus village."

It was all too true; the cart had broken down in the very wilds of Japan. Every nerve in my body cried out against such injustice. I ached with the jaunt, and was weary with the burden of the sights. I had no Japanese stoicism, no heroism as reserve force, and gladly would I have given up. But the inevitable *must* drove me on, and I dragged wearily up to the tea-shop of the village, and was laid to rest on a shelf, while the natives came up to view the remains.

The place owned no riksha, and I mounted astride the spiny back of a dirty, knock-kneed quadruped, and drove my hands into his dirty bridle, which promptly broke, and then I clung to his dirtier mane. No word

or deed of mine could keep that creature in the "straight and narrow way." He was the most profound student of nature that I met in Japan. He veered to every cliff, walked out on every ledge, gazed far into the depths, studied the yawning gulfs on the ragged edge, and no hammering of his hard sides, nor cajoling with soft words, could win him from perversity. If by mental telepathy he had learned my rash boast, he could not have been more determined that I "should *not* follow the beaten track." He was bent on original and unbeaten tracks of his own, and, after two hours of mutual struggle, I jogged up to Hagiwara's inn, not like a conquering hero, but like a most despairing pilgrim, and the handsome host, the bath-boy and his dictionary seemed the dearest friends.

In the morning another riksha and another runner were obtained, and at noon Fidelity's aide appeared at the tea-house with seven new unpainted spokes looking reproachfully from the repaired rik. It had indeed been a smash-up in the wilds.

Back at Kindayu's Inn

Never was home more attractive to tired traveller than the cleanly Kindayu house, perched on a parapet, with its real bed and spotless linen. Heihachee left me with an added credential in his budget. He offered to return the sardines and the unused tin of butter. Honest old soul! He said he would keep the bread of his own make, to which we had resorted when the loaves gave out. He threw back his pyramidal head and grinned among the parchment wrinkles, as he said, "Oh, too bad, too bad, Oksan no like, no could eat." I lied heroically, and said that they were very nice, but I was not hungry for any more. As I analyze the sentence, I believe there was an unconscious glimmer of truth in the statement. I had bolted one down, with saintly grace, to save his feelings, but the memory of that dreadful dab of heavy brown dough will be a terrifying souvenir. I turned with joy to the Kindayu menu, strung with pearls of French which would have astonished the ears of the Académie.

Faithful, honest, old Heihachee! As I think of towering forests and grim moun-

tain ridges, of steaming baths and patient sufferers, Heihachee looms up, not the least among the noble features of this marvellous inland trip. If it be true that "the last shall be first" in the final casting up of accounts, this tawny, wrinkled son of quaint Japan will stand in the vanguard of the honour roll. If "he who is faithful over a few things shall be ruler over many," the realm of Heihachee the faithful will be a vast domain.

CHAPTER IX

SIGHTSEEING

The "Welcome Society"

THE "Welcome Society," as its name indicates, welcomes the stranger, for a consideration, to many an interesting corner of Japan. Originally, membership meant the payment of fifty sen, or one shilling, but such was the pressure for the privileges of admission, and such the revenue to the empire, that the temptation was great for the crafty natives to raise the fee, and when I arrived in the land the officers demanded five yen, or two dollars and a half, for entrance to the great order, which speedily became so unpopular, and so ignored by foreigners, that the little people realized that they had overstepped the bounds of prudence, and reduced their figure to the comparatively reasonable sum of three yen.

The old Irish-Australian lady had been in the land in the one-shilling days, and she read them the riot act on exorbitance, logically declaring, "You want everybody to come, and you use every means to get us here, and then you make it as hard as possible for us to see the things of interest." The official looked meek and submissive, and did not answer, but perhaps the argument had some weight, for the price soon dropped. By being a member of this society, many semi-public affairs of great interest are made easy of access.

The Irish-Australian lady was always hard to down. She alone trundled up to the funeral of a noted native, was admitted to the mausoleum on his private grounds, was escorted to the front seat, and was the only woman in an audience of five hundred. When I asked, "What in the world were you doing there?" she promptly answered, "What am I in the land at all fur, if it isn't to say all that is doin'."

The old lady was in high favour with a certain clique, as she had valiantly defended the conduct of our crew when they met disaster, and were afterward vilified in what she called "a darty English paper." It

was too much for her honest blood to hear abused the poor men who had been faithful in peril, and whose living depended on their character. She found no man brave enough or interested enough to take up the cause, so she penned her own article of defence to the press, and enlisted the eternal gratitude of the company. Its president came with noble steeds and flowers, and bore her away in triumph to a superb entertainment in his home, and she was presented with a bracelet of pearls. Vials of wrath descended when I doubted the genuineness of the pearls. "Do yer be after thinkin' that a great rich company loike that would bay givin' a lot of false pearls for a reward of merit?" We were all ready to write devoted articles and test the point, but no occasion offered.

A Visit to an Asylum

In general, one gains admission to public and government institutions by applying to the Prefecture. but, for anything less formal, a "name-card" is the open sesame throughout Japan. A kindly soul awaited me in the gravel court, where I sought entrance to the asylum of Japan's unfortunates. Re-

peatedly she flattened herself out on the ground, then steered me to the reception-room, and settled me in the solitary arm-chair, while she pattered away to find the superintendent, whose English was limited to the words, "boy, blind," and we filled in the niches of talk with the usual pantomime.

I looked longingly across the pebbled court, to groups of gesticulating children, and he comprehended my desire to visit, glanced doubtfully at my shoes, but let them pass on the shiny floors, and I stepped lightly to the schoolrooms, where science and love have worked out so much for the children who have lost so great a part of life. Fifteen deaf and dumb children, from six to twelve years, sat on hard benches around low tables in a hollow square, and the teacher taught articulation. The room was very bare, her wooden table was old and dingy, and she had no seat. A large mirror aided her, before which the children stood, as they attempted to place the organs of speech. Then the curtain was drawn across the glass, and they attempted from memory what it had revealed.

The teacher was quiet and earnest, her features were strong and tender, and pa-

tiently she worked with vowel sounds, much like our own, "a-o-u," forming them into syllables, to a word, and a phrase. Carefully she placed the organs, as she drew the child's hand across her own face, or placed the lips of the little one in position to make the sound which was unheard.

Eagerly and desperately they tried, and the results were often pitiful. Frequently there seemed little likeness to the original sound, but the joy in the child's face pathetically bespoke his longing for success. Two little boys made frantic efforts, but their thick, clogged words were almost devoid of form. An anxious little girl pitched her voice like a shrivelled old crone, and the cracked falsetto note was shrieked in despair, as she nervously shook her head and snapped off from her fingers' ends the word which she knew her tongue should utter. Their keen attention and their eagerness to do were a sharp rebuke to the carelessness of children whose powers are complete. Marvellous things could be done through the same hard work by scholars who have started unhandicapped in life.

I watched the arithmetic work in a class of older scholars who were deaf and dumb.

As I entered, the teacher saluted gracefully, and all the children rose and made a ceremonious bow. They took no further notice of me, but each boy and girl was eager to be at the board, to write the results from their slates, or to correct a mistake. Hands bristled in the air, and, as the teacher pointed to his choice, the scholar salaamed low before coming to the board. The little ones were devoted to the work, without hint of disorder or neglect. The world-famed courtesy of the natives was most apparent in the school routine.

The teacher of the next grade was himself a deaf mute, and his work was marked by enthusiasm. With a bamboo rod, he pointed to the pupil and to the object-lesson. Words on the board were illustrated by objects on the table, and the children were quick to associate house, horse, ship, store, flag, and rejoiced in their success. I purposely took the vacant seat beside a little boy, but he had prejudice against my foreign self, and, by a series of grunts and signs, prevailed upon me to take the seat behind him. I could not blame the little chap for his fastidious whim, as he knew nothing about me, and I had no right to usurp any privileges on his do-

main. But his pernickety dislike for my presence greatly shocked, and rather amused, the kindly superintendent, and he was uncertain whether to sympathize with me or with the child. The man had won a warm place in their hearts, and they ran to him with fearless freedom, to beg a favour or to give him welcome.

As recess time came, the deaf teacher gave sharp, quick moves to denote erect position, to stand, to bow, to march, and the pebbled court was alive, as the little folks made use of the crude, open-air gymnasium, where the boys performed on parallel bars, and girls jumped in large hoops and swung from the rings which dropped from a pole of many radii.

From the study of the mutes I passed among the blind. The master was dictating a lesson which the little ones printed with raised letters in a frame. Darkened eyes rolled heavily, or peered pathetically under the lids, as if the afflicted ones would fain catch a glimpse of the soft, warm sunlight of the Orient. Disease had injured other eyes. Some little heads swung back and forth, in that pitiful manner of the blind. But their touch was keenly sensitive, and

they readily traced the raised text, and learned the world's geography through raised globes. Arts and trades were theirs, by patient manipulation, and carpentry, sewing, weaving, moulding, were followed with marvellous results. Up-stairs was the realm of practical industries and fine accomplishments. Blind girls knelt with their teachers, stringing the long kato and picking the dismal samisen with their ivory spatula. Here was the embryo of public concerts, of plaintive quartettes, and of the weird music which is the high art of the native and the amusement of the foreigner. In the sewing-room pupils were cutting and tailoring, as they knelt on the mats. Dark tights and bright kimonos grew under the deft fingers of the unfortunate ones, who were thus working their way toward a practical livelihood.

Japanese Art

In visiting Japanese schools, one is struck with the fact that there is very little life work in the art, and almost no sketching from the object. As all work was from the copy, I often wondered who had the courage or the skill to make the first "copy." The peo-

ple are fine imitators, copyists, and often the schools showed me good work, figures that were ably done. To my question, "Was this from the original," always came the answer, "It was from a flat copy." I was greatly amused to hear the defence put up in their behalf, that the Japanese were such thorough students of the human anatomy that they needed no object before them. This assumed, of course, the perfect type, and always the same type, and admitted no individuality of form or style, which with us is the mark of genius. To catch varieties, to give the distinct personality of a form, is to us the delight (and the life) of art.

In the studio for the mutes, the scholars did much decoration of cover-frames, albums, books. The work was all flat, and the copy always before them, and the work often seemed stiff and conventional. The superintendent pointed proudly to the mural decorations, and called his one Christian worker, and best artist, to do me a rough sketch. It was very free-hand work, from memory, one might say, and I guard it among prized souvenirs. He dashed a few quick strokes, and a rose-bush with fair flowers grew upon the cheap brown paper, and

a delicate butterfly settled among the petals. "Cho," he called it, as the pretty creature fluttered on to the bright leaves.

The School of Massage

The room of the massage was a most interesting scene, as it stood for one of the best known trades throughout Japan. The visitor is soon struck by the plaintive note which resounds at night in the byways, as the masseur strikes the weird call which tells of his approach. There was science in the management of nerves and muscles, as teachers manipulated the pupils, scholars kneaded themselves, and pupil worked with pupil. Girls were stretched on the floor, propped on the little wooden pillows, with clothing loosened, while quilts were dropped lightly on the exposed figures. The blind girl was a strange sight, as she felt her way over the body, skilfully tracing muscles and nerves. The leader invited me to a personal pounding, and I loaned my neck and shoulders to the science, but the strong little hands crashed into my starched linen, and fast demolished my blouse, and I recoiled from what might be called a "rub 'er neck." In

the next room the boys devoted themselves to massage, and in this school which presented so many lines of help and service to the suffering, nothing seemed more practicable than this health-restoring science. Scholars without special talent here learned a trade which lifted them above public beggary, and rendered them useful in spite of misfortune.

Only a scant half-dozen words of English could the leader speak, and no sentence could he follow, but he proudly showed the medals won from the World's Fair for the training in his school, and he showed many photographs of our great institutions, one of Helen Keller being orally taught by Miss Sullivan, and an autograph letter by Mrs. Bell of telephone fame, whose personal affliction gave her a warm interest in all that pertained to the deaf and dumb. She had visited the Kioto school, and wrote in strong faith for its work.

I had decided on a personal application of massage in my room, and resorted to sign manual for expression. "I" (pointing to myself), "Kioto hotel" (well known to all), "massage" (making passes on my person), "to-night, nine o'clock" (showing my watch

and making figures); "how much?" (presenting money.) It is astonishing how far a very little goes. The man understood me perfectly, and called to the teacher. I secured her smiling consent, and gave her my "name-card."

That night, exactly on the stroke, she left her clattering clogs at the steps, and sent in my card. She was ushered to my room in soft straw sandals. She slipped them off at the door and glided gracefully along in her stockings, and with reverential bows put me under the bedclothes. She twirled my thumbs and bent my joints, and seriously studied the rigid wrists that were stiffened by long sieges of gout. She was all tenderness and sympathy for the suffering that lurked in the frame. She made soft passes from the shoulder down, following gently the nerve-lines. Not a word could we exchange, but I needed no medium of language to know that she was giving me the best of her warm heart and trained hand. She bent the toes and twisted the ankles, following the legs and moulding the knees and rubbing the thighs with the same kind care. It was funny enough to see this wee creature, so dignified and serious, creep cautiously

on to the bed, and kneel beside me like a tiny kitten. She folded her shapely baby hands under a cheek, to show that I must turn, and she rubbed the tired scalp, and ran her little fingers over neck and shoulders. It seemed as if an electric eel squirmed its way down my back, as she turned her knuckles in upon the spinal column and worked them down my vertebræ. Her touch quieted and strengthened. She had a strangely comforting power, and I had drifted into a sleepy langour, when her soft pat told me the séance was finished, and she slid gently away, bowing and backing from the room, a mass of smiles. Oh, little sister of the tawny skin, how much the foreigner has to learn of gentle grace and sweet demeanour! For over an hour she had knelt beside me, giving generously of her sweetness and strength. In her eyes, fifty sen were a bountiful requital for an hour of life's service. But the nervous foreign lady thought twenty-five cents a small return for the offering of physical strength and kindly love.

The Geishas

If one word, above all others, strikes a chord of interest, and draws the stranger like

a magnet, in Japan, it is that of Geisha. The charms of the geisha girl have been read and written and sung, till the name is a synonym for the flowery kingdom, and the avowed object of every man's visit is an acquaintance with these little charmers. The school which fits these young women in those fine accomplishments which have made the name renowned through the world is one of the most interesting features of the land.

The preconceived ideas of the fair lady are often shattered by personal contact. I had heard of her as coy and artless and innocent, loving and winning, modest, fascinating and beguiling, and I was not ready for the astonishing statement of the cranky old maid who had studied the girl for fifteen years and declared, "They are stealthy, wicked little cats, cats, all of them, and they do not seem to have a human instinct."

This was a slap in the face, a rude awakening, after one had indulged the fanciful notions of literature, and had heaped charms unlimited about the geisha. "Is she morally impossible?" I asked. "Not positively impossible, but she is morally improbable. All her wiles and graces

are for the ruin of her victims, and seldom is she better than an outcast."

Thus pleasant theories were swept away, and the pretty geisha girl became the embodiment of vice made easy, if I was to believe the bald statement of the harsh critic, which I did not accept without reserve. Fifteen-year residents may have knowledge, and, likewise, they may have violent prejudice and vehement expression.

A Dancing Lesson

The geisha is the public dancer, all will admit, but "dancing," in our sense, does not exist in Japan. No spinning top reel, or grasshopper jump, with awkward bounce and breathless hurry of the Western world, would ever mark or mar the graceful sweep of the geisha's movements. Slow lines, easy waves of motion, pretty attitudes, and gentle poses constitute the dance, which is taught and performed individually. One cannot picture two geishas wheeling about in each other's arms. Old age and homeliness do not shelve a teacher in Japan. The years which ripen one's experience add authority and weight in the land where age is hon-

oured and where ancestors are venerated, and women old and wrinkled are strong in the teaching force.

A child of eight or a miss of eighteen was put through her paces by the old duenna, who did not rise from her knees, but indicated, as she bent her body, what should happen on the stage. The long sleeves unfolded gracefully, and wrapped themselves again. They swirled in wraith-like form about the little body. With gentle voice and friendly glance the teacher directed, and with meek obedience the pupil imitated. She pattered softly across the stage, flung wide her sleeves, toyed with the big folds. It was a Loie Fuller performance, looking not to colour and lime-lights for success, but depending wholly on grace of motion. She scampered back, wheeled quickly, and bent so that the narrow draperies fitted tight to the small form. At a rap of the teacher's wand, the pretty foot descended, thud, upon the floor, while the other poised above. Then the midget in flowery kimono twirled and pirouetted on her dainty toes like a whirling rainbow. The airy motions of her arms suggested the bird-play of our kindergarten. The pupil relaxed her muscles with

GEISHA FAN DRILL

the ease of a Delsarte, while the old lady swung her head backwards and sidewise, dramatically rolled her eyes, and threw coy glances over her shoulder. It was a quaint attempt to beguile and to fascinate. It was studied national art, followed solemnly, worked out religiously by the little mimic. Had she been performing the sacred rites to her dead ancestors, she could not have been more serious, more conscientious in her effort. Not a side glance, nor the shadow of a smile, betrayed a thought beyond the lesson. The coquetry of the fan drill showed the same stately dignity, almost stern in its exactness. Each twirl and twist, each flutter and turn, had weighty value, and must be made with thumb and fingers at the proper angle, with hands adjusted to a code of fan etiquette which was only known to the high bred. Any omission in the attitudinizing stamped the performer as a wretched bungler. The teacher's quick rap of the wand on the stool meant another fleet dash of light feet across the stage, and the lesson ended with low bows and airy flutters.

A Music Lesson

Of equal interest, and of equal difference from anything we know in the name of music, is the other lesson of the little people, and, as catcalls sounded through the thin partitions, I entered the music-room, to watch the stiff gestures of the clubs, raised parallel, perpendicular, at right angles, to fall with a bang on the drums, and perhaps stir those famed forty-seven ronins from their long, cemetery sleep. Near by stood the native hibachi, and, as the lesson ended, the teacher drew the finely shredded weed from her pouch and bent her long pipe in the embers of the brazier, to puff contentedly the three little puffs which are the native pipe's capacity. Her honest effort had earned her the comfort which came with the smoke.

Other musical aspirants crooned their dismal wails above stringed instruments, and another old lady struck shrill falsetto notes for them to follow. It was a wild attempt in the name of Apollo, and Orpheus must have done sweeter things than this to move the stones, but I had listened to the highest pitch of musical culture in the dismal shrieks

of the cherry fêtes, and I recognized that these amateurs were well on the road to fame and glory.

A Lesson in Tea Service

Tea service is a solemn rite, time-honoured and royal. It is the test of elegance, of quiet dignity and repose. There is precision in every move of the tea maiden. As I watched the little lady, no drop of water fell outside the bowl. All the steps were performed in our presence. Daintily she rinsed the dish and tenderly she wiped it. Exactly she measured with her little scoop, and gracefully her twirling bamboo brush mixed the liquid. She replaced each object with tapering fingers that were straight and firm. Every move declared, "I am so honoured in rendering you this service, my noble guest, that I cannot be too dainty, too delicate, and too thoughtful in every act. My very best efforts cannot do justice to your noble presence." Gentle courtesy and exquisite compliment are implied in the decorum of the elaborate tea service, which was amplified and emphasized by the old emperors, and especially by the redoubtable Hidi-

yosha, to impress the worth of ceremony upon his courtiers, and to lead long hours in fruitful meditation rather than in idle gossip. It is the fine edge of culture and the acme of politeness. We admire rather than ridicule it when we realize its deep significance, and we of the hurried age and the worried life may rejoice in a people who have time for long-drawn-out elegancies of reposeful etiquette. The elaborate tea ceremony is the *sine qua non* in a broad education. It is a prime essential in correct deportment, and the brusque and independent nations cannot easily grasp its value and importance, nor do we readily catch its fine details.

The little maid passed the steaming drink to the ancient teacher, who bowed in grateful appreciation and rattled down the beverage. Drinking is no silent art among the Japanese, and noisy swallowing is perfectly consistent with propriety.

The maid passed me a twin bowl, and I resolved on gastronomic heroics. But the floating green flakes caught and choked me, and I faithlessly relinquished my test. The lifeless brown wafers, which looked like fried potatoes, were much better. But I had

made a bad break in good manners. A look of astonished sorrow passed across the teacher's face as her pupil poured away my wasted grounds. I had my object-lesson in self-control. A lady from the geisha school would have strangled at her task, in the last gasp of tortured etiquette, ere she would have grieved her hostess by wasting one leaf or one drop of the treasure so carefully prepared. She would have swung her bowl till the last leaf swirled into place, and she would have gurgled down the last drop, though it sounded like a death-rattle, out of friendly consideration. In their duty to decorum, the cultured Japanese can never falter, even though Spartan heroism be a part of their politeness.

CHAPTER X

THE BUDDHIST UNIVERSITY AND THE JUDO SCHOOL

Buddhism in Japan

SHINTOISM, the native religion of Japan, has its rival in the imported faith of Buddhism, brought in by way of Korea, and its rites have been degraded by the evil practices of its leaders. The debauchery of the Hongwangi chief, his extravagance and consequent indebtedness, caused trouble among the followers. Since the emperor is considered divine, his relative, the lord high abbot, was a being so nearly divine that it was a difficult matter to reprove the gentleman for his sins. His son, an exalted ascetic, bears proof of pure life in face and manner. When the followers demanded that the father should curtail expenses and

THE FAMED BUDDHA OF KAMAKURA

renounce his profligate mistress, the wicked gentleman positively refused to give up the pleasures of sin. So great a storm was raised that the objectionable lady voluntarily withdrew from the temple, and father and son united in an appeal to the temples throughout the land for a payment of the debt. So we see that church troubles are as possible among the pagan as among the Christian sects! The result was a religious revival in the land, and a call for the purification of the Buddhist faith.

An Irish Buddhist

The old Irish-Australian lady, advanced theosophist and incipient Buddhist and all-round crank, had in tow an Irish ex-priest, sycophant and parasite, who was ready to embrace any doctrine which meant no work and fruitful returns. He claimed to have studied, long years, the occult science in India. He had been denounced by an ex-missionary, editor of *The Voice,* in Tokio, and was challenged to an argument. Though the old lady was willing to believe in the Irishman, with limitations, she did not wish him to run on to sure ruin, and offered her

advice, when he declared he should answer the challenge.

"Shure an' ye'll do no sich thing. Ye can't answer thim argumints. Ye ain't got the wisdom nar the larnin' ter open yer mouth, an' yer must jist kape still."

It was difficult to down the Hibernian fakir, but the old lady prevailed, and then we accepted his invitation to the Buddhist University, seat of mystic learning, in a grove outside of Tokio. He met us at the station, robed in flaming orange. He looked like a cutthroat playing a saintly rôle. His two brethren were less conspicuous in gray togas. It would have cost a mite to pass the turnstile with a platform ticket, so they waited just beyond, and their sandals scuffled through the dust as we made our way to the jogging tram.

"You will kindly pay our fares," said the Irishman, with calm assurance.

"Och, indade, shure we will that, with plisure," said the old lady.

The Buddhist University

Students on the grounds fiercely batted tennis-balls, and crowds were assembled in

a long, low shed to watch a fencing bout. Hundreds of students, squatting outside the ring, looked on with breathless interest. The foreign ladies were put in a safe corner to watch the display of warlike struggle. The opponents looked and fought like fiends incarnate. They wore stout cuirasses, worsted gloves, wicker masks, and they furiously flourished bamboo swords with a zeal that would drive many a Mars from the field of battle. The umpire kept close watch, and judges made frequent notes. A favourite fighter despatched a worthy line of foes, but a stronger combatant drove him from the ring amid thundering applause for the victor. Beyond the ring, contestants dressed and undressed with the unconventional ease of the native. Winners received testimonials of their skill, tied in coloured ribbons. A cord, across the room, blazed the names of the victors, and the number of their victories was streaked in red.

It is never easy to guess ages in Japan, where children are early responsible, and mere babies care for the younger babies. Two infants stepped into the ring and opened a lively contest. The youngest looked scarcely seven years, and fought like

an avenging fury as he plunged toward the foe and whacked the air with violent strokes. When his blows struck our way, we dodged under the table, while I meekly demanded, "Is this the reformed Buddhism of your mystic university? Is this warring process illustrative of the peaceful doctrine of occult India?"

"An' shure I'll not be afther a-tellin' yer till I say miself out o' this aloive, wid me head on me shoulders," said the scared theosophist. When the youngster was safely corralled, the priestly orangeman urged us to peep out, and led us to the peaceful audience-room of the wise Swami Rah Tirth.

Swami Rah Tirth

To the faithful, calling for the purification of the faith, he seemed the bright star in the night, pointing to a resurrection. He was the embodiment of the doctrine. His mind was regarded as a well of wisdom and his life as an open book. Long years of concrete and abstract study, of mathematical and scientific work in the university of Lahore, of occult meditation beneath the snowy Himalayas, had ripened him in knowledge.

He was devout in practice, a true disciple of great Buddha. The people looked upon him as the Saviour of their faith, the Luther of reform. "Prove all things, choose that which is best," was his motto, and his heart was fixed on the salvation of Japan. When that is done, he promised that he would cross and attempt the regeneration of America! Such is his lofty aim, and he evidently did not realize what a big contract he was blocking out. He had a kind, true face, a winning smile, a gracious manner. He was eager to visit our vast land, and he gave a heavenly smile as I told of our own snowy heights, which are no unworthy rivals of the great Himalayas.

In the upper chamber were assembled the men of wisdom. The president of the university, the editor of the theosophical magazine, priests of the temple, drank the inevitable tea with the Swami and his two Indian attendants, stunning men, with tawny skin, flashing eyes, and raven hair. To the true Buddhist even eggs are forbidden, since they contain the germ of life. The old lady had sent to her sycophant a mammoth sponge cake, and he asked if it contained

any of the forbidden product, and she lied with Irish ease.

" Indade, don't I know yer rules, and wud I bay afther makin' yer throuble? Not a sign av an igg wuz ther in it." Later she gleefully whispered in my ear, " It's not meself that makes sponge cake without the iggs, and ther wuz iggs enough ter make it good. The poor, starved crittur shud have wan rich bite in his life."

We were the only women and the only foreigners on the platform, and it was very *infra dig.* to cross the spotless matting in our shoes, but the lady, fat and lame, rebelled when sandals were presented, and readily gave account of her remarkable shoes, that they " nivver tuk dust, they have no hales, an' are worn a-purpose." The natives did not quite see the logic, and scanned the foreign shoes most critically, but they were too polite to resent her assurance, so the great concession was granted, and we tiptoed along in shoe leather, like guilty sneaks, while every man left his shoes outside, and entered barefoot, or in his stockings.

Several hundred students, including three earnest women, squatted on the mats, below. A native orator spoke on the " Comparative

Merits of Buddhism and Christianity," while we longed to know his argument; but the occasional word " Christo," was the only hint we caught of a discourse which would have been pregnant with interest to the Christian hearers.

An Indian, who introduced the Swami, had no Japanese, but spoke in fluent English to his enlightened audience which was generally familiar with our tongue. He told of the periods in the leader's life, of early activity and later seclusion, of his profound scholarship, his high-grade mentality, gained by self-projections into the astral realms, where mind travels apart from the body. The speaker was a queer colour-scheme in blue, with dark trousers and long coat, broad white belt, and light blue vest and heavy muffler. The outfit seemed a misfit suit donated by foreign army and navy. As he closed, amid applause, a band of dwarfs struck up on two accordions, two drums, and a pair of cymbals. The leader played a piercing flute, and the big base drum was much larger than the little boy who banged it.

The gentle Swami took his place amid accordion-pleated music, and waited to be

heard. His colour-scheme was brilliant yellow, and he made a unique picture. His head was Shakespearian, and his glazed scalp bristled with abbreviated spikes. Kindly eyes, with gold-rimmed spectacles, looked from under his high forehead. His tawny features were wreathed in a perpetual smile. His narrow, bright robe fell to his feet. Above it dropped a gown of gay orange. Around him swept a salmon-coloured shawl.

His English was finished, and his first sentence was an inspiration: "Sisters and brothers! Gods! what a blessed sight it is to look into so many serene and happy faces." His lecture was an exalted tribute to self-sacrifice. His manner was vehement. He had no notion of vocal training, and he roared with a violence that rubbed off the velvet, and left him cracked and hoarse. As his voice grew huskier, he approached strangulation. It would have been funny, if it had not seemed dangerous. The strict principle of caste forbids a true Buddhist to use the receptacle of another, and the Swami ignored the glass of water brought by an attendant, as a previous speaker had used the glass, and he struggled on with his

hoarseness. He threw back his salmon shawl, and drew from mysterious depths a pink table-cover, which he vigorously used as handkerchief, and bunched it away under his armpit. Faster he spoke, and hoarser he grew, as the beaded drops rolled down his face.

Indian orators do not imitate the classic and the statuesque. They speak with fiery ardour, and are soon physically exhausted. The Swami grew tired, but his placid smile returned as he drank tea and nibbled sponge-cake, in the upper chamber, and discussed abstraction and the bliss of Nirvana. Swami Rah Tirth is a wise student, and he is gentle and good. He believes in his mission to reform the people who have fallen so far from the first truths of Buddha. The gospel of universal brotherhood and everlasting love he would revive throughout Japan. It sounds very much like the teaching of the gentle Jesus, and, whether it be practised in India, in Nazareth, or in Japan, it is the light and life of the world. The Swami's face reflects his doctrine, and attests a mysterious and abiding peace, "which passeth all understanding," and is good to have. His kindly wishes were sounding in my ears as

we turned to the station, accompanied by the Irish protégé, of cat-like step, who presented a deplorable contrast, and who left us with profuse adieus and the calm command, "You will kindly pay my fare to Megura."

Professor Kano and His Judo School

A contrasting institution, of equal fame in the land, is the Judo school of Professor Kano, its founder, who is a unique factor in the country. As Kano was journeying in China, Tomita Tsunejira carried on the school and received the guests. Red tape and a special permit secured the entry, and repaid all effort. A score of men jumped to their feet, as my riksha rolled into the court. Spectators are always drawn to the school, and there were idlers, and coolies in blue. The lobby seemed a dressing-room, where scores of suits were pigeon-holed, and where clogs awaited their owners. The urbane manager smiled sweetly and bowed low to my card of introduction, and, in stockinged feet, I curled up like a Turk on the platform, while a score of sturdy men tumbled and bumped and rolled and

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PROFESSOR KANO

spun, landing on the classic floor which, for a quarter of a century, had trained athletes and developed wrestlers renowned throughout Japan. The unfurnished room was the cradle of physical skill, the spot where many, by scientific training rather than by weight or power, have learned how to handle men.

Professor Kano, known as the "Father of modern wrestling," is a philanthropist, loved by his people. His skill and his devotion have given to the Japanese their reputation as the best tumblers and the most daring acrobats in the world. Neither he nor his manager nor his teachers receive a penny for their work. Love and enthusiasm inspire the workers. Professor Kano has no desire to be wealthy. He is content to draw a salary as professor in the Higher Normal School. There is no sordid motive in his private enterprise, and no school could be more public. "Whosoever will, may come," without entrance or tuition fee. Money is an unknown element in his school, and its platform is truly democratic. The true sporting spirit for fair play and equal rights prevails. Nobleman, rikman, and coolie are on an equality, and skill in throwing is the only badge of merit. Five thousand pupils

have tried their strength on this wrestling field, and they number in their lists a secretary to the British legation. Small boys and mature men are proud to practise here. All wear the same costume, of heavy white, with loose, open jacket and very short trunks. Men of noble families wear a purple sash, while the sash of the ordinary citizen is white, and this is the only mark to distinguish plebeian from patrician, to tell the humblest combatant when he has displaced a man of noble rank. The son of the editor of Japan's best paper sat by the wall with the humblest natives, and was tossed and thrown by an obscure coolie who outdid him in skill.

The manager declared strongly for the principles which guide the wrestler's code, and for the value of wrestling in mental and moral gain. The code of ethics is exacting, and many a thoroughly bad boy shows a moral reform after a month at the Judo school. No court code is more precise than the ceremony with which these adversaries approach each other. The ballroom manners of Alphonse to Dulcina, as he asks her for a dance, are no more perfect than those of the opponents in this arena. The suppliant

crawls on hands and knees, salaams to the floor, and repeats his fixed form of invitation. The recipient also plays the rôle of quadruped, bumps his head on the floor, and repeats the ceremonious acceptance. Then they stand erect, come to the centre, and war begins. At the finish follow bows and responses, expressions of mutual gratitude and appreciation; and congratulations, compliments, and recognition of special merit are in order.

The men mark their record in the school register, in strange cabalistic signs dashed on by a brush from a block of India ink. The writing is in columns, beginning at the end, we should say, on the last page of the book, and on the right margin. Here is future proof of each man's bout, with whom he struggled, and with what result. The test is no child's play, but deadly earnest from start to finish. Muscles strain, cords swell, eyes dilate, as each man pushes for the mastery. Every movement is thought out for its scientific value. The fray is marked by nimbleness and dexterity. Every sweep of the body is made with lightning flash, and the thought which precedes is quicker than lightning. It is a training of

the mental powers and a swift study of cause and effect. The work is based on physical laws. Statics, inertia, the law of bodies at rest, of bodies in motion, of momentum, of velocity, of the lever, the fulcrum, of poise, and the maintenance of gravity, are the foundation of the art. Fair play and a scientific basis are the code.

In his limited English the gracious manager explained the system, and I drank the detested tea, an ubiquitous penance, if one is not fond of the beverage. Tomita Tsunejira explained the word "judo," which is the key-note to the profession, and which, as he sadly announced, has no equivalent in English. "Ju" means soft, pliant, yielding, and "do" means thoroughness. Freely translated, a thorough doing-up of the opponent, in a soft and easy style. The practical object-lesson did not reveal the *softness* of the process. Men spun through the air, and fell, slap-slam, on all sides. The soft, yielding matting seemed the only pliant feature. After the toss-up and the thump, men lay for a moment stretched in Delsartean relaxation. Then they rebounded with the spring of a rubber ball, and jumped to the foe, like wiry little spiders. If a shoulder were dis-

located, a spasm of pain delayed the game till the bone was shoved back in the socket.

Scientific Wrestling

"I will now show scientific moves," said Mr. Tsunejira, as he cleared the floor, and called for his two crack teachers. The pupils had been ready for practice. They had held many bouts and brief rests, but they readily retired to give place to the experts. Students knew that rare sport was in store, and they were anxious for the exhibition. With a modest laugh and a smile of pleasure, the men advanced for my benefit. One was short and thick-set, the other slight in figure. They slid along, 1-2-3, as if practising a waltz. Then they twisted their knees, and tied up their bodies in a double knot. They rested, they pushed, and a man was thrown. The beginning and the end were apparent, but only a trained eye could detect the scientific move. Some sudden twist, unexpected, at the right second of poise, had sent the victim sprawling. A few moments were filled with dexterous moves, electric tosses, and quick tumbles. Over the head, on to the shoulder, right, left,

across the thigh, a man was tossed like a featherweight in mid-air. The admiring school crouched in envious wonder. The proud manager scanned the play, intent, with knotted brow and wide-open eyes, disapproval and pleasure evident, at the various moves. He would have made a noble daimio in older times, this mixture of courtly grace and stern rigidity. The performers did their best stunts, and gave general pleasure; the manager called a halt, and the teachers retired with profuse expressions of courtesy and compliment. The white and purple sashes of the pupils mingled on the floor, as the men renewed their bouts with fresh impulse and inspiration for the art.

Daily, from three to five P. M., and Sunday morning, from nine to eleven, the school is in session, for that work which makes men ready to see, able to do, willing to dare, courageous in attack, modest in victory, brave in defeat, polite and manly always. The principle and the practice of the school are the making of the soldier, and the humblest men in training here become record-breakers of bravery and endurance at the front.

Here the aspiring lads of Tokio may take few lessons or many, as they choose, and

here they have the practice which is one essential in the equipment of every policeman, that he may hand over a scientific touch-down to every tough who needs it.

In the outside court men were drawing water from the deep well to fill the buckets for the after-bath, which is the pleasure and the need of these cleanly people in every walk of life.

For his great and practical philanthropy, Professor Kano has earned the world-wide fame and the national love which he has won. His is patriotic mission work of the highest type, without money and without price, a free gift to the humblest and the highest, for the betterment of mankind, for the making of manly men, who, in time of peace or in time of war, are the strength and bulwark of the nation.

CHAPTER XI

THE RUSSIAN MISSION AND THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL

Bishop Nicolai

FROM the plain of Tokio, which stretches in a labyrinth of wide streets and narrow alleys, with a network of shanties and little shops, one sees, high on the dominating hill, a group of white buildings with a dark cupola, a slender spire, and golden cross.

Thus, overlooking the great capital in the plain below, is the Russian mission, with its large cathedral. "Be shure yer say it, fur it well repays the climb," said the old Irish-Australian lady, who was my respected mentor and advisory board. Following her advice, I climbed the high hill with a snorting rikman, well-winded before he reached the top.

With memories of the Greek-Russian

church in Sitka, whose vestments and altar-cloths were woven by devoted nuns in Russia, I wondered what this station in Japan might hold, and, crossing the pebbled court, I sought the bishop's house. A Japanese lad ran down the corridor, and bade me enter where a perpendicular card, in wood, bearing cabalistic signs, probably read the occupant's name. If it read "No admittance," I was none the wiser. The apartment united bedroom and reception-room, and, to my hesitating knock, there came a hearty greeting in an unknown tongue, which encouraged me as if it said, "Come ahead," and I passed to the inner room, where two queer men sat in close conference. They were, apparently, host and guest. The latter was enjoying sweet biscuits and a savoury drink, as the former, Bishop Nicolai, advanced with a warm greeting for the stranger. This was the dear father who for so many years had devoted his life to his chosen people. No extra time and no introduction were needed to be on friendly terms with the kind old man. He was very tall, with long hair and beard, and his beautiful cloth gown reached to his heels. From his long chain of very small silver beads, which

passed around his neck, hung his big silver watch. When I asked how long he had lived in Japan, "Long before you were born, my dear child," he replied, and we fell to guessing ages. He gallantly guessed mine as much less than it was, and this I heartily appreciated. The father was not so completely out of the world that he had forgotten to cater to woman's weakness.

"I have only two more years to live," he said. "You know David said we could live till seventy, and I am sixty-eight."

"But we do not consult David in that matter. He was not speaking for the modern world. Hosts of people have passed his limit, and you are just ready for your best work," I answered.

In recent years, the bishop has had general oversight of the entire mission, but has given his personal attention to the translation of the Gospel from Russian into Japanese. Forty-three years he had worked among these people, returning only twice to his own country. He seemed a man fired with nervous energy, and ready in many tongues. His den was full of pictures, and, as I spoke of a copy of the Sistine Madonna, he called my attention to a series of softly

coloured Raphaels, which recalled the galleries of the Pitti Palace.

Very freely he discussed the Greek Church, and its points of contrast with the Roman. "We have no Pope. We are ruled by the council and the synods. We have confessional and seven distinct sacraments. We can marry, and have the cares and pleasures of home. No, the Czar is not our head, in any sense. That is a false notion which has gone out, among many wrong ideas about Russia. The Czar would be subject to me, or to any bishop, in church affairs. We do not have statues, because they are coarse and clumsy, in a church where decorations should be simple. Hence we have pictures only."

The Cathedral

Clap, clap, came the small boy with the big key, which would admit me to the empty sanctum, built in circular form, with a strip of carpet running up the centre. The Greek church has no aisles and no divisions. The congregation usually stands, but the Japanese are allowed their national habit of kneeling. The Greek service uses no mu-

sical instruments, but young voices are trained in a goodly choir, and the vesper music of the mission on the hill is one of the delights of the city, and the children grouped before the altar rejoice to sing their evening hymns.

The cathedral, which has been built about fourteen years, is the crowning work of the bishop's devoted life, and every evening, at six, beneath the great candelabra, he reads the service to his people. From nine to eleven the Sunday service is held. The auditorium will accommodate fifteen hundred, though only at Easter is it crowded.

The high altar, which cost eleven thousand yen, is an elaborate contrast to the stern simplicity of the interior. Towering, with its gilded cross, fifty feet high, and extending forty feet in width, it is an extravagant mass of gilding, inlaid with beautiful paintings.

The altar is a veritable gallery of Bible literature. The bishop has realized the value of object-lessons for impressing the young mind, and he placed the Bible stories in the most attractive form. "Here the children see the Bible in painting. It is good for the eyes to dwell upon," he said, and the most famous artists of St. Petersburg were

engaged to decorate the obscure temple on the distant hill. The Annunciation is portrayed. The Madonna holds the infant Jesus, with His hand on the globe, in token of a conquered world. The Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Last Judgment, are pictured. Stephen and his brother martyrs read the lesson of fidelity. The Apostles are suggestively portrayed, and the Evangelists stand out in a dignity which would rival the great figures of Dürer.

The Japanese are devotees of art, and are readily impressed by the magic touch of the brush. Here they find much to study, and they adore this artistic revelation of sacred history. Their impressionable natures receive the old story, and the appeal is most vivid, through the sense of sight. Such is the good bishop's belief, and, surely, he has a right to know. In the practical work of his school and hospital, he has been a power for good, and dearly has the Russian priest been loved for many years throughout his parish. So closely is he identified with the life of the neighbourhood, that the entire district is called after him, the Nicorai.

Another ornament is the treasure of the cathedral. Near the altar, protected by a

glass case, reposes the dead Christ, painted in relief, and clad in marvellous grave-clothes. The cloth of gold is run with strings of pearls. On the base of gold embroidery are worked the words, "He gave Himself in death, that all the world might live." The Russian nuns had generous love, and to spare, when they wrought with tireless fingers, and with infinite skill, the glorious Christ-robe for the mission across the seas.

Bishop Nicolai talked most lovingly of his flock. He had a warm word for the American missionaries, who, he said, "were all good people." The secretary of the Russian legation to Korea was of our group, and much was said of that quaint land. He, too, spoke good English, as all high-bred Russians are linguists, and we spoke of the politics and the poverty of Korea, which had abandoned the emperor's celebration for lack of money, and lack of credit, with which to borrow cash for large processions. The bishop was no cloistered monk, with eyes only for his book and his breviary, but a modern man of affairs, well versed in the serious questions of the day. He stopped in the discussion of modern history to give

me a kindly farewell and the hearty invitation, " Come often to our service. We want to know you well."

The Red Cross in Japan

Ever since those remote days when " A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain," the Red Cross has been the symbol of kindly deeds and gentle courtesy, and the countries are hard to find on the round globe to-day where the Red Cross is not known by its work. Wherever its proud banner waves, there the philanthropist and humanitarian are found. The empress is its warm patron in Japan, where the society has been established twenty-eight years, and, on the anniversary which marked a quarter of a century, one hundred and ten thousand people crowded into Ueno Park to hear the words of her Highness, as she awarded medals to the faithful. It was a great gathering of enthusiasts, and offered an excuse to the fête-loving people for a national picnic. The entrance was arched in evergreen, bearing the red symbol, and the park, at night, gave every proof of a big gala day. What the valiant Red Cross has been to the sick and

dying, among the brave soldiers of the war, has now become matter of history.

The Red Cross Hospital

A very long and rambling ride from the centre of the limitless city brings one to the wide grounds, whose large buildings were erected twenty years ago. Pest-houses, devoted to infection, are a little removed from the main buildings, which are conspicuous by the emblem of the order. The usher made obsequious recognition of my visitor's pass, and conducted me to a sad reception-room. A doctor appeared, immaculate in white duck, which contrasted with his swarthy skin, and we conversed in German, as we had no English-Japanese base. Our efforts were pitifully weak, but I tried to resurrect a few phrases, which might match the atrocious wreckage of the little man, who *thought* he spoke as to the manor born the language of the Fatherland. We waxed eloquent over the tea-cups, which seemed the first step to support me in my general survey.

We made a solemn tour of all the show-rooms, the directors' chamber, and the empress's salon, with her full-length picture,

RED CROSS HOSPITAL BUILDINGS

where she may admire her gracious self on those glad days when she is received at the hospital. But I had not come for show-rooms, and only when I caught a stiff laboratory smell of alcohol did I feel sure that we were approaching anything like hospital wards. The laboratory was a storehouse for pans, jars, cases of organs internal and external, malformed, putrid, semi-gone, retained for examination and study. Specimens there were, enough to satisfy any lover of the monstrous, in this ghastly chamber of horrors. Every ailment in the catalogue of miseries has its sample.

The quiet corridors were restful, and the little nurses flitting about like gentle doves, in white uniforms and high French caps, with the red cross, were a happy relief to the gruesome den. The hospital staff, of three hundred women, had passed a training of three years. They live and mess in annexes of the hospital. They earn the small sum of eight yen a month for their services, and must pay five for board, so that their actual income is three yen, or one dollar and fifty cents per month. Not a vast sum for the long hours, hard work, and unpleasant details of their profession. A real mis-

sionary at a minimum salary is this gentle Nippon nurse.

The hospital is conducted by a company, which holds itself responsible for the support. Twenty doctors are always in service.

The Graded Wards

The cost to the patient is graded in five classes, according to his means. A first-grade patient pays yen 5.50 per day to be alone in two comfortable rooms, with mattings and soft bedding. The so-called reading-room is the reception-room of visitors, who call under the doctor's supervision. In the second class, two patients share one neat bedroom, each paying three yen a day. In the fourth class are six patients, at yen 1.50 each. The fifth class includes long wards of those who pay the nominal sum of one-half yen, or twenty-five cents of our money, to retain their self-respect, and do away with the sense of absolute pauperism. These sums include all necessities of food, service, and treatment. Foreign beds are used in the form of crude cots. The native beds of piled-up quilts are entirely discarded. There is still another grade, unnamed in the reg-

ular classes, of actual charity patients, or *frei-costen,* who pay nothing. The chief distinction apparent in these two classes was in the bedding, as the blankets of the free patients were rough and coarse and gray, while the fifth class had white blankets. Both of these wards, of long, gloomy sheds, were very plainly outfitted. Such of the *frei-costen* as can leave their beds eat at a general mess table, and they know that after death their bodies belong to the hospital.

In very lame German, the little doctor asked if I would like to attend the autopsy then in progress, in the building reserved for dissection, on a poor man who had succumbed to heart disease the day before. Perhaps he had not realized how thoroughly I wished to visit, and he seemed a little surprised at my ready assent, but resigned himself to the inevitable. Six earnest men and one attentive little nurse, all robed in white, bent over their subject, while another doctor took notes. They removed the internal organs, and a final cut took off the breast-bone. Everything was scrupulously clean, but the ghastliness of the work did not inspire me to follow the medical calling. The guide

invited me to wash my hands, as we passed out, but gloves rendered such ablutions needless, unless he would drop me into the vat, and cleanse me *in toto*.

Even in the most cheerless rooms there was an attempt to lighten suffering. Pallid children played with dolls and toys, and adults sewed and crocheted, or read the zigzag characters, which seem mysterious enough to make a well man sick. Long corridors gave off to the sunlight, and formed a fine solarium for the convalescents.

Prevalence of Consumption and Kakké

Insurance men, who can be trusted for the health statistics of the land, say that consumption claims fifty per cent. of all the deaths. It is the prevailing malady of Japan, and certainly the ratio of one-half on the death-roll, for a single malady, is enormous. The prime causes may lie in thin clothing and little fire, during much damp weather, poor food and hard work, which in time must deplete the system which is little enriched and rebuilt by juicy roast beef. If there be no power of resistance, colds and coughs, engendered by damp climate, settle

hard in the system, and hollow chests, sunken faces, and hacking coughs are plentiful in the hospital. Often the humble rikman, who braves all weathers in all seasons, wheezes and hacks with a persistency that suggests the grim reaper. He is very soon winded, and he puffs and snorts as if blowing a blast for resurrection morn.

Kakké, a term which has no equivalent in English, is another grim disease, due to damp climate, which claims many a victim in Japan. It attacks the arms and legs, rendering the invalid as helpless as if paralyzed, while the flesh is soft and flabby, painful to the touch, and apparently bloodless. The doctor regarded this malady as a peculiarly national trait, and a most interesting study. As a polite attention to myself, he turned back the bedclothes and pinched a sick man's flesh, to prove its weak condition. The invalid, with the beseeching look of a wounded animal, cringed beneath the touch, and, with a shock and a sense of pity, I begged the doctor to drop the painful illustration. It could do no good, and it added one more ache in this suffering world.

The poor receive help in the Red Cross dispensary. One doubly fated little girl,

with eyes and ears afflicted, came under the skill of the aurist, and again under the care of the oculist. The blindness, so pitifully prevalent in the empire, is often caused in babyhood, when the child's head is allowed to swing in the dazzling sun, as the infant dangles on the mother's back. The strongest nerves might be "put out of joint" by the glare which baby endures.

In the doctor's kindly zeal to show every ward and each long corridor, it seemed to my tired feet that we had traversed miles of territory. Many harrowing scenes had been sad and depressing, a strain on the nerves, which added to the general fatigue, and a cup of Turkish coffee at the close of the trip was a welcome tonic. It had a queer flavour, which smacked of the laboratory, and an unnatural sweetness, and I wondered if the doctor was preparing me for the clinic. But he was void of evil intent, and I left the Red Cross with added proof of kind hospitality and native politeness. Though he often pronounced my German "zehr gut," the petty fib could be forgiven on the ground that standards vary, and he was quite incapable of judging. I smiled to think that we had nothing to boast of on either side.

A Tribute to the Red Cross

What the Red Cross hospital has done for the people of Japan in time of peace was but an earnest of its power upon the battle-field in days of dire disaster. Its spirit and its strength have been terribly tested, and gloriously proved in the late war. A visit to the central home in Tokio, or the record of its work in time of sorest need, leaves supreme the thought of love and reverence for its work, honour and respect for its deep-seated purpose, wherever it lifts its flag and plants its relief corps throughout this needy world. As it helps the poor, comforts the sick, and soothes the dying, glory, honour, power be to its name, since the good which it *would* is the essence of God Himself.

CHAPTER XII

THE GREAT JAPANESE INDUSTRIES AND THE STOCK MARKET

The Tea Industry

THE wanderer to Japan, who does not care for rice and tea, will often find himself lacking occupation when the time comes to eat and drink. As rice is the staple food, so is tea the polite form. In store, temple, and theatre, in private home and public tea-house, at solemn rites and merry functions, tea is always offered, the emblem of good cheer, the symbol of hospitality. One is expected to empty the tiny cup, and a refusal to drink would often mean insult.

One of the famed sights of the land, which draws the tourists as honey draws bees, is the broad fields of Uji, near Kioto, where acres of short shrubs rear their thick tops of dark and shiny leaves. The picturesque

IN THE TEA FIELDS

peasants, with kerchiefs on their heads, and with their dark, patient faces seamed by much contact with the sun, pick the leaves into large panniers which are carried on the head and on the back.

Kahei Otani

The tea-culture is not simply for Japan, but the far countries import great quantities of the product. Kahei Otani, a busy man in matters municipal and political, and a prominent member of the Chamber of Commerce, is the international link in the tea trade. He is an important business factor in the seaport of Yokohama, who buys the herb from the growers, fires it, and then exports it to distant nations. He is a patriarch among his people, honoured at home and respected abroad.

His personality is strong. His keen eye and sharp-cut features show unusual character. His smile encourages, his manner is dignified, and one feels that he is a man of business who has no time to waste. He has carried foreign dress to that extent which always amuses the foreigner. He is spangled with gold ornaments; big sleeve-buttons

the size of an eagle, big chain and multitudinous pendants, a bullet scarf-pin, and manifold rings with flashing stones attest his notion of what the foreign swell should be. Until recent years, the native knew that rings were a foe to natural beauty, but to-day every dude is loaded down like a slave-girl.

The great merchant's business cares have not lessened his activity. He is open to good joke or story, and throws back his head with a jolly laugh as he strokes his long gray beard. He has been a wide traveller in America, from coast to coast, and speaks with interest of our big cities. He knows the value of international relations, and desires the friendship of America, as essential to commercial success in both lands. Yokohama's exports and imports have a wide future, and he realizes that a high duty on tea, if it forced Japan to find another market, would be a sad mistake. Readily he discussed the situation, in the little office where the shelves, tier upon tier, were ranged with half-pound cans of samples. The dwarf bowls on the counter awaited the tester, whose delicate duty it is to sample and classify every specimen which goes out of the great establishment. He is an expert, with

sense of taste so acute that a mere touch, often a sniff, is sufficient to give rank to the tea. The taster has to be very cautious in his profession, as a generous swallow of each sample would soon make of him a gastronomic wreck, or a hopeless tea-drunkard. Such is the latent power in the herb that professional tasters have often shortened their lives by carelessness. Mr. Otani speaks a little English, slowly. He understands still less, and does not pretend to follow fluent speech. His dapper little interpreter is always at hand, listening with patient meekness. He holds his hands behind him, and rises on tiptoe to the situation, when he would pour out his own harangue. Both gentlemen have a series of funny fits if a joke is uttered, and the joker feels proud and thankful that he is alive to give such joy.

In referring to his active life, the merchant said: "I am up every day at five o'clock. I always get up at sunrise."

"And do you go to bed at sunset?" I asked.

"No, I go to bed when the moon comes."

"Sentimental people think that is just the time to be up. If you follow the way of the moon, you retire an hour later every

night, and when the moon does not rise at all, you must sit up all night and wait for it." This view of his nocturnal habit sent the old gentleman into spasms of mirth so violent that I regretted a witticism which might lead to his death.

Tea-firing

Mr. Otani is not a planter. He is simply a merchant who buys the leaf from all corners of the island, and fires, packs, and exports it to all parts of the world. The season yields three crops, and the best comes in about May 10th. Throughout the land the bushes, decked in their glossy green robes, are roofed with bamboo to protect them from bad weather, and the little natives, chiefly women, are busily picking the harvest.

From May till October fires burn and wheels turn in the factory, when everything stops for another season. The working day, of twelve hours, runs from five A. M. till six P. M., with an hour's rest at noon. Mr. Otani employs a hundred workers, men and women, but there is no child labour. The children of workers, with babies strapped

on their backs, were toddling about, and nursing mothers often stopped their work to feed the little ones. A woman receives thirty or forty sen a day, *i. e.* fifteen or twenty cents of our money, for twelve hours of life, and the men receive from forty to sixty sen, or not more than thirty cents. Strange, isn't it, how we spoil the foreign servant? That, within a few weeks after he lands, we must pay a Japanese a dollar and a half per day, or forty dollars a month.

Banked more solid than wood in a shed, and strong enough to stand alone, the tea is massed in the storehouse, whence it is shovelled into tubes and blown up-stairs, where it runs through the tunnels to the hoppers, and is dropped to the big iron pans below. Each pan contains seventy-five pounds, which are swiftly churned by a revolving piston in the centre. The long row of brick ovens is below, with fires that are faithfully fed. Intense heat, with a general shake-up, for forty minutes, constitutes what is known as pan-firing. Sun-firing is a very similar process under a different name. In basket-firing, the leaves are put in very coarse baskets, over small pans of charcoal embers, and the heat is retained

under cover. Basket-fired tea is very popular with buyers, and the process takes about fifteen minutes. Mountains of charcoal, to feed the furnaces, stand in the yard. A very fine tea dust flies through the house, and little sweepers are busy all the time brushing up the powder from the spotless floors. The strong odour gives the idea of walking about in a big tea-caddy. Sorters and sifters pass the leaves through sieves of various grades, and others grind them down by rubbing heavy wooden rollers across the long sieve. A very tedious process it seemed for the quantity worked. "Very slow way, you think, in America," said the interpreter, and I could not deny the suggestion, which many a tactless American had doubtless uttered.

In another corner of the house is the colouring process, — poisoning, one might say, in view of the ugly green urns of venomous liquid churned by coolie women. They looked up with a kindly smile from their evil task, and seemed not to realize the extent of their crime toward the race, as the green spun around like an angry sprite.

"What deadly stuff do you use?" I asked.

The man smiled with placid reserve. "It is quite good, all harmless. People want

green tea, must haf, must make. No come natural. Put in varee, varee leetle," he said in justification.

So bibulous folks get green, — they know not what, — and comfort themselves that they have the natural hue of the plantation, while they grow cross and nervous with the artificial dye. The knowing ones, who are on to the trick, stand back and smile complacently at the green world which they have hoodwinked. The United States and Canada take vast quantities of the Japanese tea, both black and green. The great merchant, with his tricks of the trade, his secrets, and his science, and his jugglery of the leaves, only caters to the public taste, and when that taste is green, the colour matches. If the public cried out for blue tea, he would use bluing.

He is a typical Japanese, in spite of his foreign jewelry. He is a generous and progressive patriot, a far-sighted, clear-headed financier, and he is patron saint to the army of humble workers who come to the great tea-firing house for work during three months of the year. He solves for them life's terrible problem, which, too often, is most distressing in the Orient.

The Silk Industry

From the mulberry leaf with its crawling worm, and the white cocoon with its long-drawn fibres, to the glossy fabric on the counter, the traveller may see every phase of the silk industry in Japan. Natives trudge the hillsides, with their baskets of leaves, and the shelves of humblest cottagers are incubators where the creeping things nibble their food. Later, cocoons are heaped up by the thousands, in the sun, by the doors, and they are dropped in the boiling caldrons, and the threads are skilfully drawn off. Country women have hand-looms, and the carded floss is their capital. There are no huge factories, with whistles and wheels and endless bands, but numberless little homes throughout the land work out the national industry.

The House of Mitsui

The name of Mitsui is great in the land, and is the shibboleth of commercial enterprise. Eleven branches of the family — grown large by intermarriage and adoption of sons-in-law — control great business markets. Their four departments include silk,

mining, banking, and commission business, *i. e.* selling, from their wholesale houses, rice, cotton, and raw silk. Their ships, loaded with great cargoes of silk, cotton, and beans, touch at the ports of Tien-Tsin, Shanghai, and Manila, as Mitsui is the great trader for all the East. The name is a synonym for Oriental commerce. The family is proud of its industry, traced back a thousand years to the noble house of Fujiwara. The noted silk firm dates back 250 years, and 230 years ago it made an innovation in business methods by marking the price on goods and selling any quantity desired. One may guess what an upheaval this was in the ways of commerce for a people who make no talk and do all things quietly and with reserve. Previously all sales were by the piece, and trade was wholesale, we should say. These changes gave the firm a popularity which it has always held, and the house of Mitsui is one of the liveliest centres in the capital of Tokio.

A Bargain Sale at Mitsui's

The world over, a bargain sale draws the American woman like a magnet, and I

rushed down to Mitsui's when the clearance sale was on. Natives left their clogs at the door, and received wooden checks in return, and the polite coolies sat me on a stool and shoved my offending members into moccasins, before I could cross their threshold. Certainly no boorish creature could ever tread their spotless matting in his boots. The sale was like other sales, plus the national factor. Customers stared at the goods in the cases, raised in relief and folded to advantage, designed for obis, underwear, kimonos, in quiet silk, subdued cloth, or gaudy cotton. All the cases were locked, and the heads of departments carried the keys. Quiet order reigned, and it was apparent that the cases did not belong to the big bargain. To foreigners, the cleanliness and quiet were marked features of the native trade.

The tide of traffic swarmed to the enclosure behind the rail, where remnants and goods damaged, spotted, left over, of every sort, were stacked on oilcloth mats on the floor, and women knelt in hundreds to pick and sort, to praise and condemn, to grab and carry off, with the same feminine zeal which marks the bargain fiend at home. The dif-

ference was in the general quiet. There were orderly disorder and quiet confusion. Babies toddled under foot, in every one's way, and nobody minded. In America they would have been killed in the mêlée. No Japanese baby was ever killed by public rush. Many babies slept sweetly on their mothers' backs, as the matrons searched among the remnants, and an occasional toss-up to the shoulder replaced the infant who had begun to backslide. He opened his eyes and stared at the bargains, without pretending any interest, and then fell asleep, regardless of gains. The merchants have no mental arithmetic, and near the gate sat the cash-men with soraban, or little beaded frames, on which all sums are counted, much like the school frames with which our children learn their tables. Loaded with bundles of remnants, the ladies approached the treasurer at the gate, to sum up accounts. Bundle boys, with rice paper and rice strings, wrapped the purchase like a portfolio, which was always too small for its contents.

Robbery is possible in Japan, and kimono sleeves are well adapted for shoplifting, and, mounted outside the rail, were spotters ready to detect any suspicious movement on the

part of the little ladies. I was the only suspect who gave trouble. Passing the gate, I went down on my knees among the trophies in a state of devotion. I had been warned that there were no foreign goods. "These sales are only Japanese goods, for the Japanese," said a man. "But I want to buy Japanese things. That is why I came. Won't my money go?" I asked. The logic prevailed, but prices are always so exalted for the foreigner that, naturally, the salesman did not wish to see me getting goods at bottom prices.

"Cheap as mud, and going at a song," I chanted, as I lifted the slabs, not knowing the price-marks, nor the quantity contained. But delight in a prospective bargain brought the woman's nature to the front. There were pieces of rich brocade which would make stunning draperies, sofa-cushions, vests, theatre coats. I clutched and grabbed, overthrew babies, and ran down gentle women. The floor was thrown into confusion. Why had I omitted Japanese in my tourist's outfit? The salesmen had no English when I made an appeal. I had made a wild chase, and perspired like a running rikman. I jerked off my heavy jacket, and, unluckily, threw it

across the shoulder which protected in its armpit a weight of glorious samples. Then I deliberately darted for the street to leave the jacket in the riksha. Not for unknown worlds would I have left the bargains behind, which some native lady of similar taste might appropriate in my absence.

My erratic conduct admitted of but one conclusion. It was the boldest bit of robbery ever committed in the Mitsui house. The natives may steal, but they will always be polite and quiet about it. They will be gentle and mannerly. A wild charge like mine, an unblushing piece of effrontery, quite passed their comprehension. It took their breath, and for a moment unnerved them for action. I advanced a few feet untouched, while they stood speechless and appalled. They regained presence of mind, as they saw the vanishing point of the goods. The watchmen gave the slogan, and runners fell upon me like avenging angels. I innocently thought they were running to my aid. It became an instance of the catcher caught. The man grabbed the goods, and I grabbed the man, to hold him with Masonic grip.

"You speak English? Who speaks English? Where is interpreter to tell me of

the goods?" The men were unconvinced. The robbery had been too bold for me to fake innocent purchase. They seized the remnants, sent the jacket to the rik, and called for the head of the department. He was polite, he spoke pretty English, and he wore elegant clothes.

Till six P. M., he guided me through a labyrinth of lovely weavings, and revealed the glories of the loom. One regal obi, four and a half yards long, cost 370 yen. It was like tapestry, a blaze of gold thread with beautiful designs. It would have been a handsome addition to Gobelin hangings. I left it hanging!

We were up-stairs in the elegant show-rooms, discussing prices, when, at five P. M. Sunday, the store closed down, and the despairing rikman sent in to inquire if his prey had slipped out by a side door and left the unpaid chariot on his hands. Surely the natives seemed to place little faith in the foreigner. The exquisite furnishings of the lavish reception-room made it a princely retreat. Smoking-sets and crisp wafers were at hand, and tea was prompt to arrive. An elegant customer offered me the contents of his gold cigarette-case. We cast up accounts,

and a hundred-yen piece rejoiced the interpreter for his long afternoon, and proved that the purchaser was no common thief.

The large store was quiet as I passed out by a side door, and noted that salesmen and spotters were resting from work, and accountants were telling their beads in the back rooms. The gracious linguist bowed me away, and rikky gave me a satisfied grin as he thought of his earnings while he had rested throughout the afternoon, and he trundled me away, both of us content with the results of a native bargain sale.

Rice Culture

The summer passed in talk about the crops. Gossipy coolies discussed the vital theme. In the pigmy paddocks men and women waded ankle-deep in the mire, braving the bite of venomous creatures, while they weeded the farms. Constant rain would rot the rice, just as drought would burn it. There had been incessant weeks of deluge, and dread and fear were abroad. The price had risen, famine was in prospect, and the poor would face starvation. Even the selfish tourist was willing that the hot sun should

redeem the soggy earth. At the crisis of anxiety, a few bright days of overwhelming heat allayed the fears. The rice was saved and the panic was stayed.

Japan's great trade is evolved through home industry. On a small scale, in all the little hamlets, work is carried on.

Our vast prairie farms, with machines of every patent device for sowing and garnering, are unknown to the simple natives. As the grain ripens, workmen comb the kernels before their door, and thresh the grain with crude hand-flails. The men of "Pillsbury's A" would scorn the country flour-mill of Japan, where the natives beat the wheat and barley into flour beside the running streams. An overshot wheel without connects with a beam within doors, which drops a crude piston, thump, thump, into an earthen jar set in the ground, where the cereal is crushed. Kernels pushed aside by the piston fall back to the bottom of the bowl as the piston rises. The workers repeatedly sift the grain till it is sufficiently small. Beside all the running brooks one sees this primitive method. The dark, rough shanties of mud or thatch are home and mill to the poor people, who have barely a half-partition

IN THE RICE FIELDS

separating compartments. Here, in the dark and the dust, lives the large family, breathing all day the sifting particles of the mill.

The Rice Exchange

From the planting of the kernel to the selling of the same, rice is of paramount interest in Japan. But the trip to the exchange was not so funny, nor so thrilling, as I had expected. The rikman dropped me before a long, low shed, which would have been an insult to an American stable, and I passed behind a railing, while merchants huddled on the floor like a flock of sheep, and grumbled and rumbled a steady stream of small talk in polite and proper tones. This was a very correct affair, not the wild row of New York, nor the mad lunacy of the Paris Bourse, heard for blocks away. My advent caused a lull in business, which also seemed different from New York. No woman's presence subdues that pandemonium. But many a winged native left the market to lean on the rail and puff his smoke serenely in my face, as he studied the foreign Eve who had the nerve to invade his paradise. Evidently petticoats were an unknown element

in their realm, and my presence caused a lull in stocks.

The market was saved by an anxious usher, who whispered mysteries and beckoned me through the office, where men of affairs leisurely read the newspapers, up a gloomy back stairway to an attic room with doleful furnishings of green rep chairs and tablecloth. A steamer-chair was the only comfort, and a smoking-set was the prime essential. It was hot with embers, and the usher suggestively pushed it toward me. Then he read a long and fluent riot act, punctured with smiles and brimming with bows. My imagination made a wild guess at his meaning. Doubtless, with native politeness, he expressed appreciation of the honour done the humble exchange by my visit, and, with an instinctive eye to business, asked what stock I would take, and if I would water it, and if I would corner the market. I finally replied with a negative nod, and sadness passed over his face as he caught a dissolving view of the colossal sale. He showed me how to use the push-bell, intimating that I might ring for help when I had decided on my bid and the number of shares. Then he ducked and wriggled away, leaving me to

ruminate on my past history and on the present excitement of the Japanese 'change.

The situation hit my risibles. Silence and solitude as substitute for noise and crowds! An upper room, much like a prison cell, except that I had power to manipulate the market by touch of the tintinnabulator. The stowaway in the vessel's hold would not have more privacy than I in this business centre. Surely there must be something doing, despite the apparent depression, so I picked up my courage and slid stealthily down the narrow stairway and through the office of the busy men, who gave me a worried glance from their newspapers. I sneaked behind a pillar that shut off the active usher, and watched the shuffling crowds, who mumbled the figures and watched the results with passive faces and folded arms. If the men were hopeful or despairing, they showed no signs.

The Stock Exchange

The stock exchange was a lively contrast. It is not usually open to the foreigner; but a little red tape secured the pass, which I presented at the lobby. A polite native came out to examine the applicant and conduct

me to the rostrum. Evidently I was not the first guest, and my advent did not startle the market. The stock exchange of Tokio means a company, and not individual members. It is open from nine to ten-thirty A. M. and from one till two P. M., a short day's work compared with that in many cities.

Three hundred wild-eyed men stood within the railing, shrieking their figures in proof of the battle. The excitement was what I would expect. All were men of means and position, and the types were an interesting study. A tall patriarch with a Moses beard grew rampant, and screamed his figures with the zest of a maniac. A small man in European suit and white vest, with one eye, kept that eye riveted on the boards, while a grim smile played on his face. He surely would play a big game to the finish. Men pushed and scrambled to the front. Railway stock, electric shares, steamship interests, were called, and roused a furor among the different contingents. Small boys, on a platform, hung the slabs with mystic marks, which told what sale was on. Gallery boys, with paint pot and brush, with a dash of white slapped the final figures on the blackboards, that

looked like a series of memorial slabs hung to departed spirits.

My guide, apologizing for his laboured English, that stammered and limped on his tongue, explained the signs of the times. "Mooch acteevitee eez prevailing nowdays," he said with delight. The phrase was his great linguistic triumph, and he pulled it out as the Nippon Yusen shares were called. They were the popular war-cry, and raised a mad uproar. Frenzied natives surged to the front. Clogs rattled loudly in a general stampede. Kimono sleeves were entangled with their neighbours. Men shoved back the offending sleeves, and rushed into each other's faces, with arm outstretched, and fingers poking at each other's eyes, to indicate per cent. A violent push of the fingers outward accompanied the loud cry, "I sell, sell, sell." A nervous beckoning went with the gleeful cry, "I take, take, take." Excitement centred about a half-dozen bundles of wasting energy. They seemed about to stab, to impale each other on the railing. Yet the wildest frenzy was tinctured with good-natured mirth. An idiotic creature, with bristles and fangs, grinned like a jolly schoolboy, as he ran down his fat antagonist, and the latter

returned a roaring laugh. Buying and selling steamship shares seemed the huge joke of the century, and the grinny foe, with the shiny billiard-ball head, was so fat and jolly, so clean and smily, that he would have graced a circus or a pulpit. In sober moments he was the prototype of a temple priest.

The Nippon Yusen Kaisha

The Nippon Yusen Kaisha sale was the climax of the day. All was over in the shouting scene, as the brokers clogged homeward, with the day's work done, when its shares were hung at seventy-nine. Some years ago its capital of twenty-two million yen was held by 440,000 sharers, at fifty yen a share. The successful close of the war with China boomed the company, whose shares for a time reached the abnormal value of 105 yen. With seventy-six strong steamers, it has had an aggregate tonnage of 242,000. In extent of service and of tonnage it is the seventh line in the world.

Thus the young nation, born into the commercial world within the last half-century, has made a noble record for industry, enter-

prise, energy, and wealth. Bound somewhat by traditions, by obscurity, and seclusion for centuries, by the disfavour of many nations toward a people not Christian, what other nation so handicapped in the race would have made such a record for progress and activity? Japan has pitted herself with wondrous power against the modern world, and to-day, a people hoary with the age of centuries, ranking themselves proudly with Christian peoples, is battling hard for supremacy, while the laurels have been fast wrenched away by the little nation, brave and brainy, whom the great world has half-despised and never known. The vast fleet which plied the perilous waters to wage bloody war bore a marvellous record for safety, and the travellers' boats which have run to America, Asia, Europe, India, Australia have been immensely popular. They are always clean and cautious. They are famed for good service and for courteous attention. Daily do the captain, physician, and purser make the rounds of the boat together, entering every cabin to see that all is cleanly and well ordered. Never have I known this attention on an Atlantic liner. No wonder that their stock stood foremost in

the fluctuating market, and that Japanese brokers watch its progress with an eye keen for current values, and are quick to buy its shares.

Mr. Kawada

The loyal American is pleased to believe that much of this prosperity is due to the rare ability of its general manager, who is an exponent of the best methods of two great nations, which should join hands across the seas. Mr. Kawada, graduate of Ann Arbor, '94, spent eight years in America in preparatory and college life. He is a wonderful combination of the dignity, the grace and courtesy, the reserve power of his own people, with the push and enterprise, the business energy of the able American. He was sensitive to his environment, and his life in the States gave him a broad outlook on the business world, and ripened all those powers which are the essentials of the tactful business manager, who must come in sharp touch with all sorts of people, and must be a keen student of human nature, if he would successfully handle men. A fine product of one of our strongest institutions, he is an important

factor in the work of the large company. His English is well spoken, his French is good, and, if a German sought advice, Mr. Kawada could readily give points for the passage and map out the route. The scholar who has mastered his own native language of the Orient has little difficulty in acquiring the comparatively easy tongues of the Occident. Mr. Kawada has an inexhaustible fund of information for the straying tourist of any nation, and America may rejoice that he is an exponent of her own institutions, an adopted son worthy to spread her wisdom and her glory among his own people on the isle of Nippon.

CHAPTER XIII

WOMAN'S EDUCATION IN JAPAN

The Emancipation of the Japanese Woman

DAY has dawned for woman in Japan. A few years ago, the educated native woman was an unknown quantity. All her aspirations were flouted, and she was regarded as an unnatural bugaboo. The story is told of four girls on education bent, who formed a suicide's quartette, resolved to learn or die in the effort. One and then another appealed, through father, brother, and university, for the opportunity to work out life on advanced lines of thought. Their very arguments were the weapons turned against them, to prove that higher education was bad for women. Two girls were refused all help. They committed suicide. Christian missionaries saved the other two from the same stoical fate. To-day learning is the passion of

WRITING LESSON IN A PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

these people, and modern methods are their delight. The humblest peasant has his English primer, and opportunity is given to girl or boy, since all the nation knows that by the power of modern learning Japan has taken a front rank among civilized peoples. Japanese statesmen now realize the fact that the little girls of to-day are the mothers of to-morrow, and that the training of citizen, soldier, patriot rests largely with them. Woman, once relegated to obscurity, has now come to the foreground. Schools for girls are many, with a curriculum based on that of foreign nations, and often conducted by foreigners or by foreign-trained teachers.

The Girls' Industrial School

The Girls' Industrial School of Tokio fits its pupils for a practical, honest livelihood. For twenty years it has been established under a president and board of directors. The natives have no fear of long hours, and do not call for short days, — till after they leave Japan, — and from eight A. M. till four P. M. the girls work at their chosen calling. A German, who has lived a quarter of a century in the country, and understands the

natives and their language, has charge of the sewing. Being married to a Japanese, and the mother of girls, she can sympathize with the pupils, who furnish their own material, and work out the intricacies of underwear and overwear, and plan the national kimono.

Sewing and Embroidery

Accuracy is a feature of all Japanese work, and patient, exacting care is given the wadding which lines a garment, as the people put no stress on show or surface work. The pupils kneel beside their many-tiered workbox, and patiently evolve the garments which will be the proof of their skill.

The making of kimonos on their native heath is an essential and natural part of needlework; but the fanciful feature of their handiwork results in a hideous display of ugly knit and crochet work, which we long ago learned to throw overboard, as a futile and barbaric invention for woman. It seems a queer inconsistency that these artistic little women should adopt what they never can adapt in wools and worsted, and arrive at such hideous conclusions, when by nature their taste is exquisite. Perhaps it is an in-

stance of German ugliness thrust upon them. All the world knows that no nation surpasses, if it equals, the Japanese in beautiful embroideries, when the people are left to their own devices.

In the sewing-school, also, is included the making of dolls and wild animals, very wild indeed, to judge from their wondrous anatomy. The result is an uncaged menagerie, less harmful than it looks at first sight, of dogs, lions, elephants, fish, and fowl. The creatures are dear to the native heart, and have a ready sale in the market. In their eagerness to be Western, the people incline to anything foreign, regardless of what we have discarded, or how we have improved. They would seem to have culled the worst we ever had to offer, if the gaudy caps and spectrum bibs are samples, and their variegated mats might give delirium tremens to a sober man. Wristlets and garters have some *raison d'être* among a people poorly clad, but the monstrosities might be spared. The foreigner's best is none too good for the dainty native, and we should not foist our back numbers, which have long been known as waste trash, upon these eager little people, who are anxious to acquire foreign art.

Their own beautiful embroidery is much better, and will always be prized at home and abroad.

Pattering cautiously in my stockings among the frames, I watched wonderful results grow from satin background. Bird and flower and landscape were evolved with taste and patience and consummate skill on cover, screen, and kakemono.

Drawing

Drawing, too, is very dear to the Japanese, though, strangely enough, they know nothing of life classes, nature and object work. They usually work from the flat copy, and seldom do they really sketch. Twice I saw a sad attempt to copy a stuffed bird from the show-case. The results were pitiful. The spirit of the feathered fowl would never have recognized himself in the "impressionist" picture, which violated all ornithological conditions. The people are keen copyists, but they have done little with the natural form, which we believe is the foundation of art.

Artificial Flowers

Imitation is at its best in the flower manufacture. This is the delight of the scholars, and their deft fingers work charming results. Ancestral worship, plus flower worship, stands close to the religion of the country, and these floral copyists get very close to nature. The visitor may watch the flower's growth through every stage of development. Each bench has its dish of paints and its hot hebachi for firing the tools. The metal moulds of leaves and petals are put under a heavy press, and the perfect form emerges. The painting is most skilful, as the edges are tinted and the centre is shaded after the fashion of the flower. Stems of fine wire are rolled in green paper. A delicate tool, heated in the embers, is pressed into the dainty calyx or corolla, to give each sepal or petal its peculiar form. Minute forceps adjust it to the stem. Stamens are inserted, each with its tufted top, for anther. The pistil is dipped in a mass of yellow flakes, to form the feathery pollen. On the left hand, below the thumb, the pupil carries the paste in which she dips the wee organs before they are placed on the flower. Care

and patience, love and pleasure attend the flower's growth, and a garden of brilliant buttercups, dainty cherry-blossoms, clusters of asters, the running morning-glory, the drooping wistaria, the feathery heather, pansies, and daisies give radiant effect. So deep-rooted is their love for flowers, whether it be of the lotus-pond and iris-meadow, or of the miniature and the artificial, that the Japanese must have flowers of some sort. Perhaps the constant contact with the posies, real or simulated, may be a key-note to the national courtesy and gentleness. Certainly it is a practical education, and flower culture of any kind will always be in demand. Flowers, real or artificial, will find a ready market with natives and foreigners.

The Girls' High School

Three courses of study, the technical, the scientific, and the literary, are included in the Girls' High School. Sewing and drawing have much attention here, and strong work is done in history and national literature. Science has a crude beginning, along lines which have been so well defined in our own country. I saw no compound micro-

scopes with various objectives. Each scholar was provided with a specimen, a pan of water, and a simple pocket lens. Her little tool-box held a scalpel and a probe, two pairs of scissors, and two of forceps. A specimen hardened in alcohol was ready for drawing. Specimens are certainly plentiful, and one might hope for original work and life study in a land where the cicada singeth unceasingly. Alas! the little ladies are not so science-trained. Perhaps they have not the nerve to tear a creature limb from limb. The cicada had been drawn and quartered, labelled and analyzed in advance, and all his parts were duly named upon the blackboard, "dorsal-ventral-egg-guide," and again the work was conscientious copy rather than original research. Carefully each pupil sketched, and results were of varied skill: Some were marked by a trained eye and steady hand and a keen observance of winged venation, while others were decidedly imaginative, and indulged in wild flights of colour, blue and red-yellow entering into the scheme, not apparent in the original insect, but suggestive of the solar spectrum. English labels were strangely distorted, but the effort was always honest.

The entrance of a visitor causes no commotion in the schoolroom. It is barely noticed, as the scholars work as if entranced with their subject, which is an all-important, all-engrossing matter. Fun and mischief have no part on the programme. They would be an incomprehensible interruption to the earnest work, and they never occur. The levity which may mark an American schoolroom would scandalize these sedate little ladies, who come to school for work solely.

About four hundred scholars, from all over the island, are studying here, to go out as teachers to all parts. Over two hundred are boarders. A dozen girls occupy a hall, whose dormitories are fitted with single cots of foreign make. Schoolgirls here, as throughout the empire, are known by their dark kimonos and magenta skirts. In the dining-room long wooden benches seat the girls, and long tables are stacked with the food. Each girl has her chop-sticks and bowl of rice, a bowl of cut fruits, a little teapot, and a big slice of bread. Though the dormitory has adopted foreign ways, the eating is decidedly native. The teachers sit at

a separate table, and at intervals on the tables stand little firkins with relays of food.

The head master speaks excellent English, and is proud of his training at the Oswego Normal. A grand and fitting tribute he paid to the memory of that woman, good and great, whose especial work in history at Oswego, at Wellesley, and at Stanford has given her fame in the educational world, as her gentle deeds and loving heart have endeared the name of Mary Sheldon Barnes to thousands of worshipful students, and have made her grave, in the cemetery of Rome, a pilgrim's shrine.

Woman's University

Japan owes many a modern impulse to America. A sunburst of progress has brightened the land in the last half-century, and the advancement of woman, though slow, even now in the embryo, emerging by change and development from a past bound by traditions and encrusted by prejudices, shows magical results. As a part of the new movement, the Woman's University is a thrilling surprise, both to native and foreigner. It is the hope and triumph of a Christian gentle-

man, whose life is given to education, whose strength is devoted to the betterment of his countrywomen. His work is based on American ideals. President Naruse was impressed with the educational methods of the States, while a student at Andover Seminary and at Clark University. In an extended tour through America, he visited all the leading colleges for women, and returned to Japan in 1894 determined to erect a similar institution in his own country.

Count Okuma and other prominent men, who believe in the nation's need of intelligent women, gave money to the scheme, and in April, 1901, the University was opened. Its wide grounds are on a hill outside the city limits. The approach is through an avenue of cherry-trees which, in springtide, lend a wondrous glory to the place. Flowering plants beautify the grounds. Tennis-courts stretch out before the big buildings, whose rooms are large and light and airy. The schoolrooms are marked by all the simplicity of the native homes. No ornaments relieve the bareness. The large assembly-room has cushioned benches. The study-rooms have the most primitive wooden desks, hand-made, and straight-backed chairs with

PRESIDENT NARUSE

no fanciful touch. There are no ink-wells, for each scholar furnishes her own ink-bottle.

There are three distinct courses, the high school, the preparatory, and the university. The management plans to make a complete system, by extending the work down, through the grammar, primary, and kindergarten grades, thus giving perfect sequence to the entire course, with no abrupt transitions. Many come from other schools, unprepared for the university, and the preparatory work supplements their lack. In the high school, girls of thirteen years are fitting for the university.

The Gymnasium

In the large gymnasium, furnished with clubs, rings, and dumb-bells, the pupils give three hours a week to physical culture, to the development of "a healthy mind in a healthy body." The ring exercise, as I saw it performed in pairs, was more amusing than serious. The girls had little idea of military measure, and kept a time all their own, stepped as they pleased, and moved as they chose, regardless of the signals, and the emphatic accent pounded out by the stirring

notes of "Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," which might have pleased the immortal Lottie Collins. This strain of American music rings through all the Orient, and at any port will greet the American, to his pleasure or pain, in proportion to his love for music hoydenish or classical.

Instruction in English

Especially is it true of English that its chief stumbling-block is the pronunciation, and those who have studied long and learned much have so little hold on our strange combinations that their speech is often nearly impossible to follow. An advanced class, reading "Evangeline," could by no means have been understood, except by one well used to the pupils, or well versed in the poem. That such mutilated jargon could exist in "The forest primeval, the wavering pines and the hemlocks," one would never have guessed. It would seem that the first step in making English practical should be exact pronunciation of our difficult sounds, and whether the disastrous results, as noticed within and without schools all over the empire, were due to lack of care in teaching,

or to the fact that accurate speech was quite beyond the tireless effort of the teacher, I could not decide. Certainly the sincerest attempts of the speaker are often most bewildering to the hearer. "Ivanhoe," as rendered by the advanced students of the university, was most difficult to follow, and almost as unintelligible to me as if it were a Japanese translation.

The English department contained a library of encyclopædias, essays, and novels, and here was the only attempt at schoolroom decoration to relieve the bareness of the walls. A cheerful display of photographs brightened the rooms, and impressed the greatness of English heroes, giving evidence of the touch of a foreign hand. Shakespeare, Tennyson, Milton were present, with facsimiles of their autograph letters, from the British Museum. Burns's Cottage, Windsor Castle, Parliament Buildings, and old cathedrals spoke of history and architecture in a distant land. In one room, I was attracted by the photographs of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. "She deed write ze 'Cry of ze Children' varee nice," said my little guide, and I wondered what schoolgirl in America could name any classic of Japanese literature!

Miss Hewes

To Miss Hewes, of Oxford, were owed the foreign contributions. In her around-the-world tour, she lectured extensively throughout the island, and taught English in the University. Her tactless assertion against the "*American-English*" was hard on the teachers, but let them watch their words and guard their lips, ere they too speedily repudiate the criticism, which certainly had a germ of truth. Extremely faulty English, among those who should be professional models, is a sad reflection on our public schools, and we are often tempted to ask, "Have the schools ceased to teach English?" When the teachers make the very usual errors of "like" for "as," when they say "this much" and "those kind," they condemn themselves, and they should correct the faults ere they bubble over with wrath and bewail the general charge. The criticism was sweeping and severe, and it worked havoc for American teachers among the Japanese, who want the best and who are easily influenced. Miss Hewes did good work for the little people, whose love followed her to England. They speak of her always in the tenderest terms, and her

picture adorns many a scholar's little sanctum. Another English lady now fills her position.

Student Life

About nine hundred pupils are in the University, with a faculty of nearly fifty. One-half the scholars are day pupils, paying twenty-seven and a half yen for tuition a year, or nearly fourteen dollars. The boarders pay six and a half yen a month in addition, or three dollars and twenty-five cents, so that the entire expense of board and tuition for a year of ten months is, in round numbers, forty-six dollars. Not a huge sum for a college education; but life is so humble in Japan that this amount can only be raised in well-to-do families.

The school buildings are flanked by large dormitories, and the boarders are divided into eight squads, each having its supervising matron. Spotless mattings and fresh, new wood are a feature of the tiny nests. Oddly enough, in this new institution, based on foreign methods, every bedroom is strictly native. It seems a wise provision, and it is followed in many of the mission schools, that

the pupils who are absorbing the new learning shall not grow out of harmony and out of sympathy with home life and native ways, but shall keep in touch with the life which they must follow when they leave the school, strengthened for work by the new thoughts they have garnered. Hence, every native room is marked by emptiness and cleanliness. No cot or couch is seen, no garment or toilet article is in sight. A severe simplicity marks every room. A very low table, at which the occupant kneels, a shelf ranged with books, and occasionally a loved photograph are the items which relieve the utter bareness. It is easy to sweep an empty room, and it can always be neat. It is a happy, peaceful contrast to the tossed-up, littered-up, harum-scarum apartment of the average American schoolgirl, piled with an inartistic muddle of the odds and ends, the trophies and emblems of our vigorous life. Repose breathes in every corner of the Japanese student's room. Rows of tin boxes, with the soap and tooth-brush of each little lady, are in a near closet. The pupils all go to the general wash-room for their daily bath at the immaculate sink of wood, with its high-polished basin of brass.

In the cooking class alternate days are given to foreign and native cookery. A fat and jolly native, who superintended the work, kindly welcomed me in her domain, where the girls were eagerly devouring the meal which they had prepared, of fish, rice, and fruits.

The native love of floriculture is worked out in the gardens, where scholars are allowed the freedom of perfecting their own plans and following their individual ideas. As a result, the beds were bright with beautiful and thrifty blossoms.

President Naruse

Unity is the watchword of Japan. It is the land of mighty results from small beginnings. It has no multimillionaire, no Pierpont Morgan or Carnegie as munificent benefactor, but it has loyal, loving hearts, and patriots willing to give generously from the fortunes that are small. In America, where we give by millions, and have barely time to utter a polite "thank you" for a few thousands, we can hardly grasp the brave effort of President Naruse, who fathered the institution, and his supreme gratitude for all

donations. Thousands here are more than millions in America, where institutions are born in the night, and seem like indigenous plants with a spontaneous growth. In the Nippon isle the scale is never colossal, the resources are Lilliputian, but faith is gigantic, and results come with long, untiring effort.

A few figures will be a practical illustration of the relative values of things in Japan, and will prove the tremendous energy of the founder and his heroic faith in the new institution.

Count Okuma

Valiant supporters have upheld Naruse from the start. Count Okuma, Japan's great statesman, chairman of the trustees, has worked with him from the beginning of the plan. In the political world he has written his name on the scroll of fame. He is a hero, a living martyr to his principles, wearing a wooden leg as the result of a dastardly attack upon his person years ago. He has brightened the lustre of his noble name by the strong stand he has taken for the advancement of woman.

CALIFORNIA

MR. DOGURA

Other Benefactors of the University

Other great names are enshrined in the hearts of the appreciative people. The noted Mitsui family gave four and a half acres as the site of the new University. In the day of doubt, when darkness brooded over the whole embryonic scheme, Mr. Dogura and Mme. Hiro-oka each gave five thousand yen, and generously told Mr. Naruse that if the plan failed, they would have no regret for the money. These were all monumental gifts, when one considers the miniature scale of things Japanese. Mr. Ichizæmon Morimura has the fame of being the largest donor to the University. Recently, in the name of his family, he presented thirty thousand yen cash, or fifteen thousand dollars, to the University, the largest gift ever made by any one person in Japan to such an institution.

Every individual feels herself essential to the good of all, and faculty and pupils unite for general welfare. A sense of personal ownership pervades, which stimulates the work and gives a loyal public spirit. The thought of individual responsibility is a guarantee for the success of the whole. The founder has extensive plans for the future,

and he sees in this hopeful beginning the germs of a grand development. The University is founded for the betterment of woman, which means the uplift of motherhood, and that means the good of the nation. It is planted on the hill, to be a centre of light, to wield a force for good, to carry a wealth of knowledge throughout the empire. That woman's name shall be honoured and her power for righteousness be increased is the object of the institution.

The Academy of Music

We always feel a patriotic pride when we trace a foreign virtue to its origin on the home soil, and the Hub of America, sometimes called the Hub of the Universe, may rightly claim to be the origin of the institution which stands among stately trees and sacred tombs in Ueno Park, a joy and blessing to hundreds of students who knock at its doors.

Mr. Mason

Twenty years ago, a musical man from Japan came to America. He noted the pop-

CALIFORNIA

MR. AND MRS. MITSUI

MME. HIRO-OKA

MR. MORIMURA

BENEFACTORS OF THE UNIVERSITY

ular education of the country and the musical intelligence of the people. In the Boston schools he found an enthusiast who was teaching the children with marked success. The gentleman transported this gifted leader to his own country, believing him the one man capable to impart that musical love and life which would be a lasting blessing in Japan. The Boston teacher first tilled the ground and sowed the seed which others have cultivated, till a mighty growth results, and branches from the mother-tree have sprung up all over the island. New ideas are always hard to plant. The school which stands for broad musical culture had its fierce struggle, and its long day of probation, when it was small and obscure, an unrecognized factor in the community.

Ueno Park

The Musical Academy rears its walls today upon historic ground. Great changes have come in the empire since the time when the last shogun defied the emperor in bloody battle upon the beautiful field of Ueno. No one heeds the shogun now. He is a private citizen, living in retirement. Occasionally

he worships at the tomb of his ancestors, but never again will he oppose the emperor as in the days of bygone power. He is the last of a long and illustrious line, but he has accepted the inevitable, the reign of his rival as the recognized head. Lately he met with an accident, while driving privately in the capital which he once ruled. What contrast to those days of gorgeous cavalcades and gilded glory, when he was followed by a mighty retinue of noble daimios and brave samurai, a resplendent pageant to do him homage. Marks of the imperial struggle are still seen on the posts of Ueno, and thoughts of the late revolution sweep over the modern historian who passes through the wonderful park for entrance at the doors of the academy, which only six years ago was in embryo. Then the school of sixty members received a push and an impulse, and it now enrolls more than four hundred pupils, with five foreigners included in its faculty of thirty teachers. The scholars pay the merely nominal fee of one or two yen a month, a small fraction of the cost, that the scholar may feel that he gives his mite and retains his self-respect.

Prof. August Yunker

Great strides have been made since Mr. Mason gave his first music lesson in Japan. *He* found general ignorance regarding foreign music. *We* find general intelligence and a hunger and thirst for the best.

The success of the early beginnings has been furthered by the energy, ability, and ambition of the present director. Prof. August Yunker is a German, proud to call himself American, one whose loyalty to the land of his adoption is revealed in every reference. He has the natural musical love, the fire, and the knowledge of the true German. As skilled violinist, he played for many years under Theodore Thomas in the Boston Symphony. The academy had neither orchestra nor chorus when he came to Tokio. The régime was more chaotic than systematic. He established method and developed order. He imparted zeal and created enthusiasm, like the true-born teacher. He worked for a standard, with all the ardour born of broad culture and pure love. Results have followed upon his earnest efforts. The visitor who recalls the recent seclusion of these people, their late awakening and acceptance of

things foreign and up-to-date, is unprepared for the burst of modern music which greets him, and mutters in wonderment as he threads the long corridors, "Just like any college of music in America." It is hard to grasp the truth that one hears and sees Boston methods in Ueno Academy.

In the Class-room

English is an important branch of the work, and a class of thirty boys and girls were correcting their exercises, just as American scholars struggle with their Latin prose, and were differentiating with difficulty between the adverb "too" and the preposition "to." The efforts of teacher and pupils were patient and earnest, but her native pronunciation of the foreign tongue left it far from being intelligible, and accented the need of a foreign teacher for a foreign language. The politeness and ceremony which mark a Japanese class-room leave no room for joke or levity, and impress the stranger with a dignity which is almost cold and stolid. In such high respect is the teacher held that anything approaching chumship or comrade-

ship is unknown to the formal Japanese mind.

In the practice-room there appeared the same devotion to art. The student, beginning or advanced, kept steadily at work, without regard to the visitor who read the notes or followed the execution. Once or twice a giggling little girl did show a consciousness of company, which proved her quite human, while her companions had been decidedly statuesque as far as any emotion was concerned.

The jarring, jangling notes of their pianos would have tried the heart and the nerves of any music-lover. The institution cannot entrust its few grand instruments, which are reserved for state occasions, to the constant pounding of unskilled fingers. Usually the pupils have no instrument in their homes, and the practice required, of two or three hours daily, is done at the conservatory, and an instrument which comes under the hammer of many children gets a wear and tear not common in the private home. A piano in Japan is a luxury, only to be found in princely homes. The comfortable middle class in Japan is very poor, poverty poor, if judged by our standards, and the necessity

of the American miner or day labourer would be a luxury in Japan. A number of scholars own a harmonicum, made in Japan, of three or four octaves, which would cost fifty or sixty yen, and this is a matter of wild extravagance. A grander instrument would be far beyond their reach.

Attending school six days in the week, from eight A. M. till four P. M., these pupils are not all children, but many of them are beyond their teens. Some are earnest young men. Others are married women of twenty-three or five years, devoting their time to music. Often the husbands are army or navy men, away for months or years, and the little wives, living at home, leave the babies in the care of their elders while they are away at the conservatory. These people, so long trammelled by tradition, and so recently revealed to themselves, are consumed with the zeal for learning. Often, too, they have the money interest at stake, which is a goad to their ambition. The Ueno school stands well, and with advancing years the entrance examinations have grown harder. They demand intelligence in the applicants, and many have been turned away who did not come up to the standard. On completing

the course, graduates receive a diploma and go out as authorized teachers, whose work is respected in the land. A salary of thirty yen a month seems very large, and fifty yen, earned by teachers exceptionally good, is a princely sum for those whose needs are few and living expenses light.

Professor Yunker's Classes

The visitor to Professor Yunker's classes receives a startling surprise, both for the matter and the manner of the music rendered. His sympathy and magnetism have broken down the national formality and reserve, and warm German friendship, born of large heart and musical love, prevails. Spontaneity has replaced stolidity, and one feels the sympathy existing between teacher and scholar. The pupils long to prove their power, as they catch the glow of his burning enthusiasm. He inspires them to noble achievement. He stirs the natural responsiveness of youth in contrast with the dull repression in the presence of the native teacher. He numbers among his products a lady who has for some time been teacher to the crown princess. Another of his

scholars went abroad to continue her work under Joachim, and has returned as a superb artiste in her own country. It was certainly keen pleasure to the wanderer to hear the orchestral rendering of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. I might shut my eyes and believe that I listened to the trained orchestras at home. It was difficult to realize that little Japanese people were doing the good work. Violins, flutes, oboes, bass viols, 'cellos caught the spirit of their leader, and were true to his efficient teaching.

The amazing results of the chorus proved the latent possibilities in raw material when a superior guide, with the very genius for teaching, is untrammelled in his work. The chorus opened with a simultaneous and vigorous attack. Smoothness and evenness were a happy feature. Shading and phrasing, so essential to effective results, were carefully worked out. Enunciation was distinct, and again I found it hard to realize that the clear and clean-cut English rang from Japanese throats. It is so seldom that the native gets our accent straight and pure that the fine result must be accredited to the instructor.

A high standard of classic composition is

preserved. An air from Schumann was beautifully rendered. Selections from Mendelssohn's "Paulus" and from Haydn's "Creation" were triumphs of execution.

Two visits of the empress during the year, when the best efforts are put forth in concerts, give great stimulus to the ambitious students. Among his foreign assistants, Professor Yunker has had for some years a French priest who is skilled in harmony, counterpoint, and the organ. With praise or blame, the professor is most impartial. He believes that the girls are generally more patient and more gifted than the boys, and therefore they show better results. There are especial prodigies among these little midgets, and the same petty weaknesses crop out, the same envy and jealousy are shown, among these geniuses of lesser growth as appear in other nations among famed musicians. Great stars are frail, and subject to heartburnings. Bitter rivalries exist between world-wide geniuses. These little novices are just as human, and musical warfare often wages near the shoguns' tombs beneath the shade and in the classic halls of Ueno. Often these lesser stars are criticized and ridiculed, spiked and impaled, with all

the native rigour and stoicism of bitter war, for no other reason than their superiority and excellence.

May it be the last great boom of woman's higher education that in her greatness she shall put aside all pettiness. May her broader culture and her larger vision lift her out of self, to make her just and generous to rival friend or foe. Till that day dawns, at home or abroad, woman's education has failed of success, and she is neither well educated nor truly great.

THE END.

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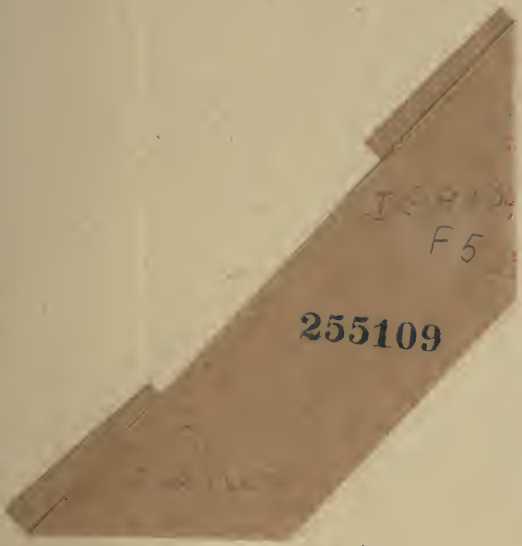
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